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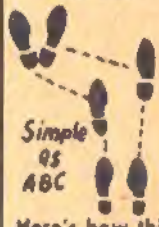

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EACH MAN'S LIFE IS MEASURED, SO THEY SAY. DEATH KNOWS AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT THE HOURS AND DAYS, EVEN THE MINUTES, LEFT OF EACH INDIVIDUAL'S LIFE. AND, UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S REALLY NOTHING MUCH ONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. AS JOHNNY NORRIS' GHOST ONCE SAID, CHANGING THE OLD ADAGE OF: "IF THE SHOE FITS PUT IT ON," TO...

IF THE COFFIN FITS...GET IN!

YOU'LL BE BACK! I'VE WAITED THIS LONG, I CAN WAIT A FEW MORE MINUTES-- HOURS!

NO! NO! NOT THE COFFINS! I'LL RUN AND HIDE! YOU'LL NEVER FIND ME!

THE FUNERAL AT LAST WAS OVER THAT RAIN-CHILLED SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON. JOHNNY AND BILL NORRIS SLOWLY WALKED FROM THE CEMETERY. THE OLDER BROTHER, JOHNNY, WAS TRYING TO COMFORT BILL...

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, BILL! EVERYBODY'S TIME COMES, EVEN IF HE IS ONE OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS!

I KNOW, JOHNNY! YOU ALWAYS SAY-- "IF THE COFFIN FITS"-- BUT GOOD OLD MACFADDEN WAS ALMOST ANOTHER BROTHER TO ME.

SNAP OUT OF IT, BILL. LET'S NOT DISCUSS THE FUNERAL ANYMORE!

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE WALKING TOWARD TOWN. WE'D BETTER STOP AND SEE IF THEY WANT A LIFT. IT'S GROWN DARK AND THE RAIN IS WORSE.

PALETTE

HOP IN, WE'RE GOING TO TOWN. IT'S NO NIGHT OUT FOR A STROLL!

THANK YOU-- I'LL BE THANKFUL FOR THE RIDE.

BILL'S SPIRITS SEEMED TO RISE WITH THE PRESENCE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS GIRL...

WERE YOU AT THE MACFADDEN FUNERAL?

WELL--- YES...

I'M GLAD WE CAME ALONG BEFORE YOU GOT TOO DRENCHED!

DESPITE THE GIRL'S REQUEST, ONCE THEY REACHED TOWN, THAT THEY... "JUST DROP HER OFF ANYWHERE"... THE BROTHERS INSISTED THEY DRIVE HER TO HER HOME...

I LIVE OVER THE CURIO SHOP. WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR BROTHER LOOK INSIDE? IT'S AN AMAZING PLACE.

WHO CARES ABOUT CURIOS— I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HER BETTER!

COME ON, JOHNNY. LET'S LOOK AROUND A BIT!

WE HAVE MANY STRANGE ITEMS HERE--- YES, MANY! ESPECIALLY LITTLE COFFINS!

I THOUGHT I KNEW THIS SECTION OF TOWN, BUT I'VE NEVER NOTICED YOUR PLACE BEFORE!

BILL! COME HERE!

LOOK AT THESE! THE PERFECT WORKMANSHIP! THEY'RE BEAUTIES! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM!

LET'S GET THEM IF THEY AREN'T TOO MUCH! SORT OF A MOMENTO OF THIS DAY!

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SNAP OUT OF IT! THAT'S PRETTY MORBID, ISN'T IT?

THERE CAN BE NOTHING MORBID ABOUT BEAUTIFUL WORK LIKE THAT! I MUST LEAVE NOW!

BUT WHAT'S YOUR NAME? CAN'T I SEE SEE YOU AGAIN SOON?

IT'S HELEN... I'M SURE WE WILL MEET AGAIN!

AFTER A BIT THE BROTHERS LEFT THE STRANGE LITTLE CURIO SHOP,..AND WHEN THEY DID, THE TWO MINIATURE COFFINS WENT WITH THEM...

SEE YOU TOMORROW, JOHNNY!

OKAY, AND I STILL WISH YOU'D SWALLOW YOUR SILLY PRIDE AND MOVE IN WITH ME. WHO CARES IF I DO MAKE MORE MONEY THAN YOU?

THAT NIGHT, AFTER JOHNNY HAD RETIRED, HE COULDN'T GET THE ODD LITTLE COFFIN-BOX OUT OF HIS MIND. HE GOT UP AND EXAMINED IT BY THE LIGHT OF THE DYING FIRE ...

STRANGE-- THE BOX FEELS LARGER THAN IT DID BACK IN THE CURIO SHOP-- ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD GROWN IN THE LAST FEW HOURS!

THE NEXT EVENING, BEFORE JOHNNY WENT TO BED, HE ONCE MORE EXAMINED THE COFFIN BOX...

THIS SHOULD PROVE IT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! I COULDN'T GET THE BLASTED THING OFF MY MIND ALL DAY! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! BUT NOW, I'LL KNOW IN THE MORNING!

THE SAME NIGHT JOHNNY SET HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION. HIS YOUNGER BROTHER WAS ALSO BUSY... BILL HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HELEN...

I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND I THOUGHT.....

I KNOW-- BUT YOU'RE MUCH TOO SOON! NOW IS NOT THE TIME! BUT DO COME IN, YOU MAY STAY ONLY A SHORT WHILE THOUGH!

WHY ARE YOU SO COLD? BUT YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!

SOON WE WILL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER AND YOU CAN STAY LONGER-- MUCH LONGER!

JOHNNY, WHO HAD GONE TO BED RATHER THAN CALL UPON MYSTERIOUS YOUNG LADIES, WAS UP THE NEXT MORNING LONG BEFORE HIS ALARM CLOCK RANG...

NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT STILL-- I MUST BELIEVE MY EYES!

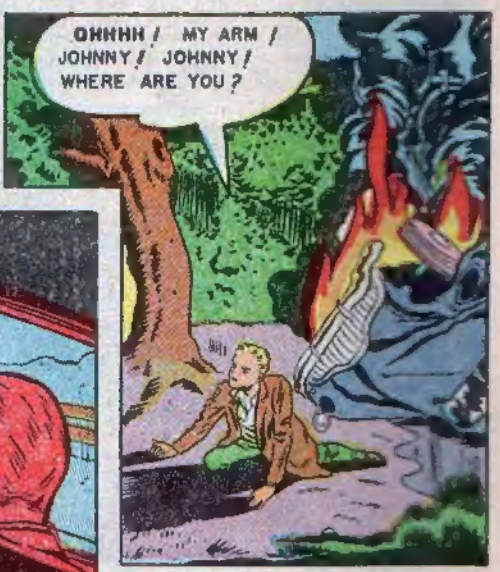
NO, I HAVEN'T NOTICED MY COFFIN-BOX ONE WAY OR THE OTHER... BUT WHAT YOU SAY IS RIDICULOUS/
JUST THE SAME, BILL, MY COFFIN-BOX DID GROW IN LENGTH-- A GOOD FOUR INCHES LAST NIGHT/ GO LOOK AT YOURS/ I'LL WAIT/
O.K., SO THEY ARE GROWING BIGGER/ IT'S SOME KIND OF A SILLY TRICK/ PUT YOURS DOWN IN THE TRUNK ROOM AND FORGET IT IF IT BOTHERS YOU SO MUCH/
JOHNNY TOOK HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE AND SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED. THEN, ONE DAY, JOHNNY HAD TO GO DOWN TO THE TRUNK ROOM. HE COULDN'T GET HIS MIND OFF THE COFFIN-BOX CURIO THAT HE KNEW WAS GROWING DOWN THERE IN THE DAMP DARKNESS...
CAREFUL, JOHN, WHAT YOU HAVE HIDDEN MIGHT BEST BE KEPT THAT WAY!
OH, IT'S YOU MIKE/ STILL LIVING HERE, EH?
THIS IS A SPOOKY PLACE, MIKE/ BUT I MUST LOOK IN THERE/ I MUST FIND OUT...
TRUNK STORAGE
IT DID GROW! UNBELIEVABLE/ LOOK-- WHAT'S THAT-- A SILVER NAMEPLATE...
NO/ NO/ TODAY'S OCTOBER 3RD!
JOHN NORRIS
BORN: MAY 14, 1925
DIED: OCT 3, 1950
BILL/ BILL/ I GOTTA GET BILL/ WE GOTTA RUN-- GET AWAY!

AS THE MILES SPED BY, THE FEAR THAT POSSESSED JOHNNY SLOWLY INFECTED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER/ THEY DROVE ON AND ON, HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE WILD MOUNTAINOUS AREA...

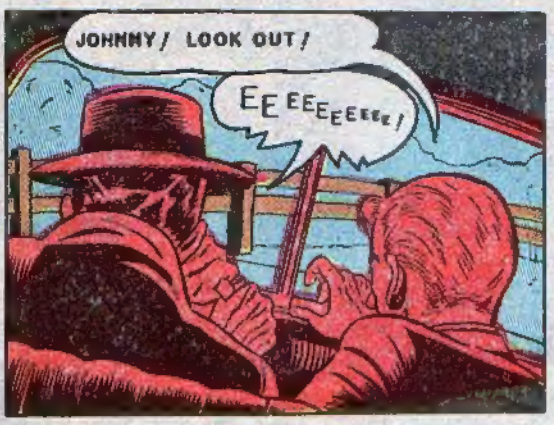
REALIZING THAT HIS BROTHER MUST BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND HYSTERIA, BILL DECIDED TO PRETEND TO AGREE WITH HIM...

BILL PULLED UP AT THE FOOT OF A ROTTING WOODEN STAIRCASE THAT LED UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE TO THE DERELICT HOUSE OF THE SHINING LIGHT... JOHNNY WENT TO THE DOOR ALONE ...AND SAW... HELEN/

JOHNNY RACED BACK TO THE SAFETY OF HIS BROTHER AND THE CAR. HE RAN AS ONE IN A NIGHTMARE, LIKE A MAN RUNNING KNEE-DEEP IN THICK SYRUP.

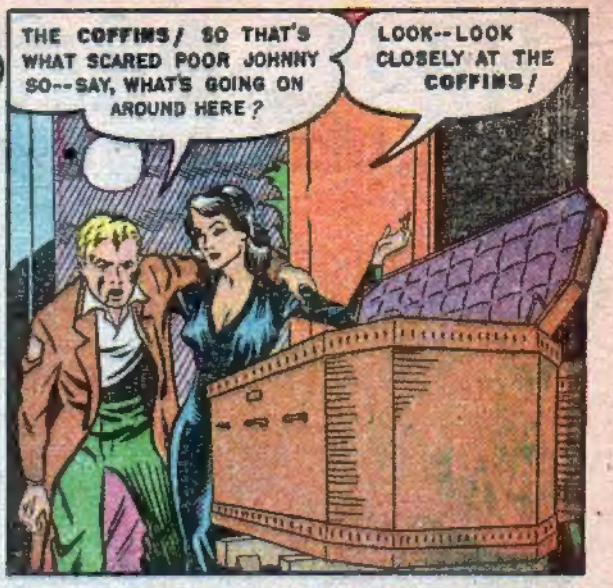


JOHNNY, TURNING THE CAR AROUND ON THE NARROW ROAD AND DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN, STARTED A SUICIDAL DASH DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS AND CRACKED UP THE CAR /

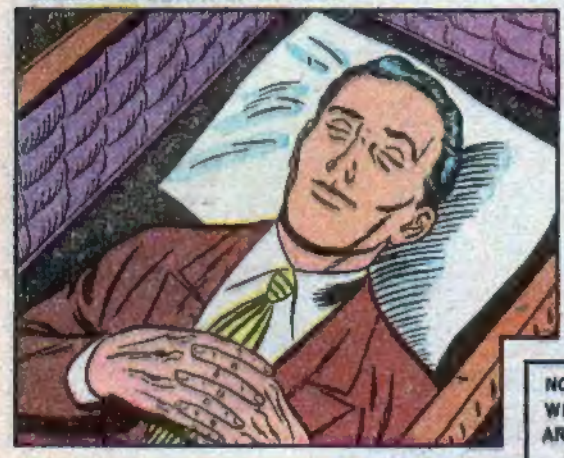


THOUGH BADLY INJURED HIMSELF, BILL RETURNED TO THE BURNING WRECK ONLY TO FIND HIS BROTHER DEAD, CRUSHED ALMOST BEYOND RECOGNITION.

THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES WERE AN ETERNITY COMPOSED OF PAIN AND THE SLOW DREADFUL PROGRESS BACK TO THE HOUSE AND IT'S LONE LIGHT THAT BECKONED BILL ON.



AS THOUGH HER WORDS WERE A COMMAND HE MUST OBEY, BILL LOOKED AND THE SIGHT HE SAW STARTLED HIM WITH DEEPEST TERROR, FOR JOHNNY, THE BROTHER HE'D LEFT SMASHED AND BURNING IN A WRECK UPON A CLIFF-SIDE, NOW LAY SMILING IN DEATH UP AT HIM.

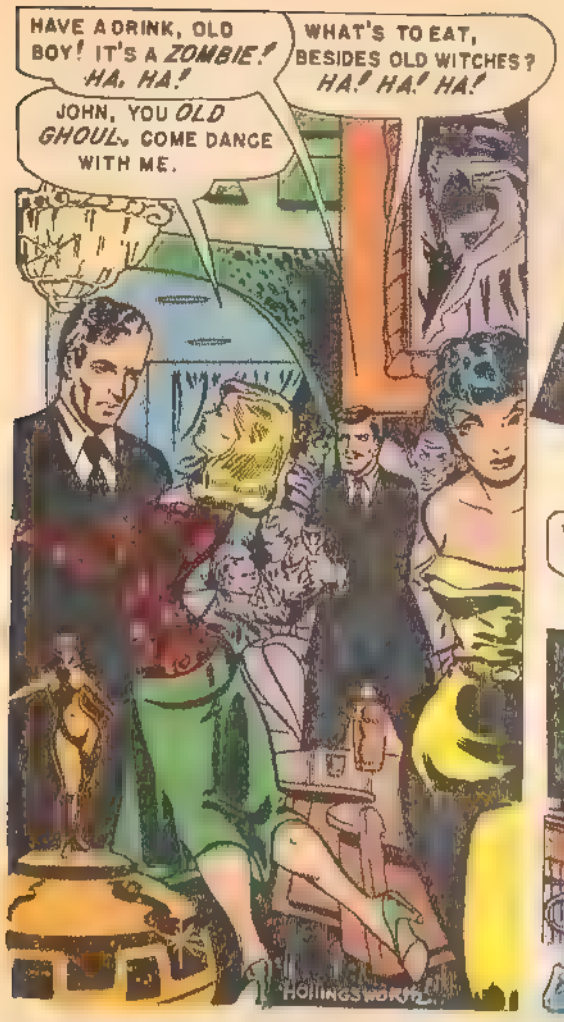


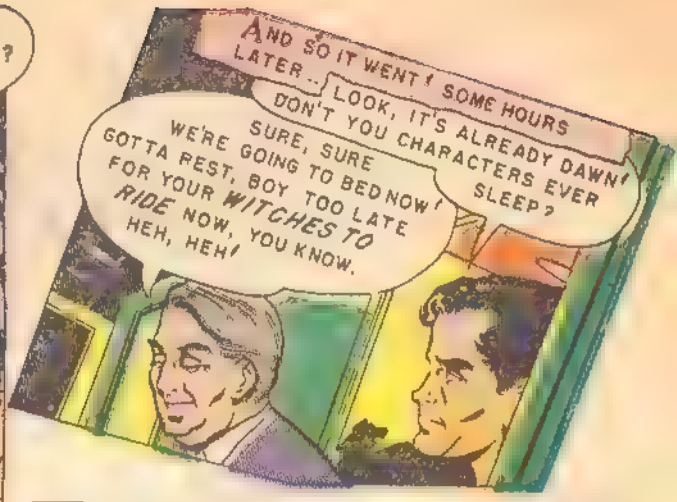
BEFORE SHE COULD ANSWER, SUCH WAS THE GROWING FEAR WITHIN BILL, THAT HE TURNED AND TRIED TO FLEE.

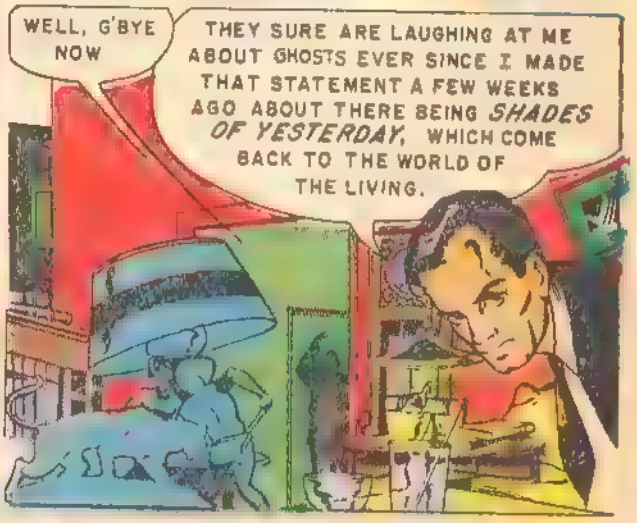
YES, THAT NIGHT BILL JOINED HIS BROTHER---SO, TONIGHT, SOMEWHERE, A TALL THIN CADAVEROUS MAN AND A BEAUTIFUL DARK GIRL ARE AT WORK. THERE COMES A SOUND OF A SAW ON WOOD, THE SCREECH OF AN ENGRAVING TOOL ON METAL. THESE TWO ARE CAREFUL CRAFTSMEN--FOR ALWAYS, ALWAYS THEIR COFFINS WILL FIT!

THE END

THE HORROR of VAN MORT!
JOHN HARVIN BELIEVED IN GHOSTS AND WITCHES HE FEARED THE CREEPING SNEAKING SOUNDS OF THE QUIET NIGHT HIS IDEAS ON THE WORLDS BEYOND THE GRAVE MADE HIM THE BUTT OF THE JOKES OF HIS GAY FRIENDS WHO LAUGHED AT HIS TALES OF VOODOO AND WITCHES, BUT AS YOU WILL SEE, DEAR READER, THEY DIDN'T LAUGH LAST HEE, HEE
AHH! IS THAT BED GOING TO FEEL GOOD! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A DECENT NIGHT'S REST IN MONTHS WITH THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE BARGING IN AT ALL HOURS WITH THEIR WILD PARTIES AND TRICKS... OH, OH.. WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OH, NO!
HIYA, JOHN! HOW'S THE BOY?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED SO EARLY? REALLY NOW, JOHN! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AT NIGHT... HA, HA..
1

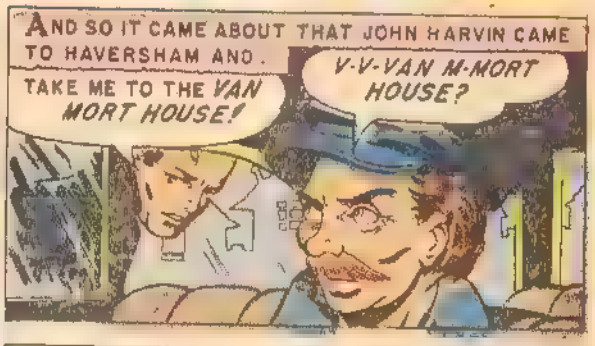

HAVE A DRINK, OLD BOY! IT'S A ZOMBIE! HA, HA!
WHAT'S TO EAT, BESIDES OLD WITCHES? HA! HA! HA!
JOHN, YOU OLD GHOUL, COME DANCE WITH ME.
HOLLINGSWORTH

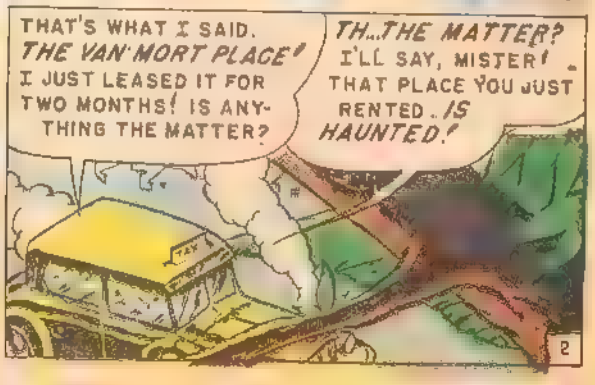

AND SO IT WENT! SOME HOURS LATER..
LOOK, IT'S ALREADY DAWN! DON'T YOU CHARACTERS EVER SLEEP?
SURE, SURE WE'RE GOING TO BED NOW! GOTTA REST, BOY TOO LATE FOR YOUR WITCHES TO RIDE NOW, YOU KNOW. HEH, HEH!


WELL, G'BYE NOW
THEY SURE ARE LAUGHING AT ME ABOUT GHOSTS EVER SINCE I MADE THAT STATEMENT A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT THERE BEING SHADES OF YESTERDAY, WHICH COME BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.

WELL, TONIGHT WAS THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MYSELF AND TO THE WORLD THAT THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'M GOING TO RENT THAT OLD HOUSE THAT REAL ESTATE AGENT IN HAVERSHAM TOLD SUCH WEIRD TALES ABOUT!

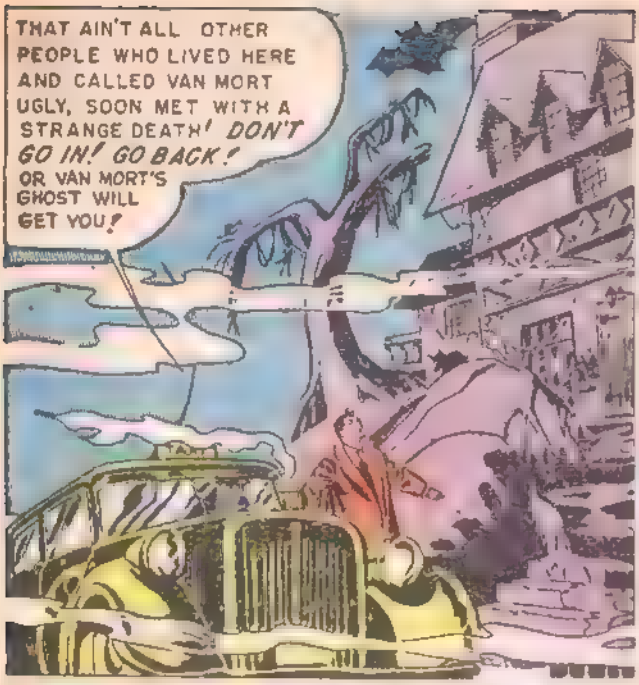
SO THIS IS HAVERSHAM! A REAL SETTING FOR A WITCHES ABODE, IF I EVER SAW IT!
TAXI, MISTER?
HAVERSHAM

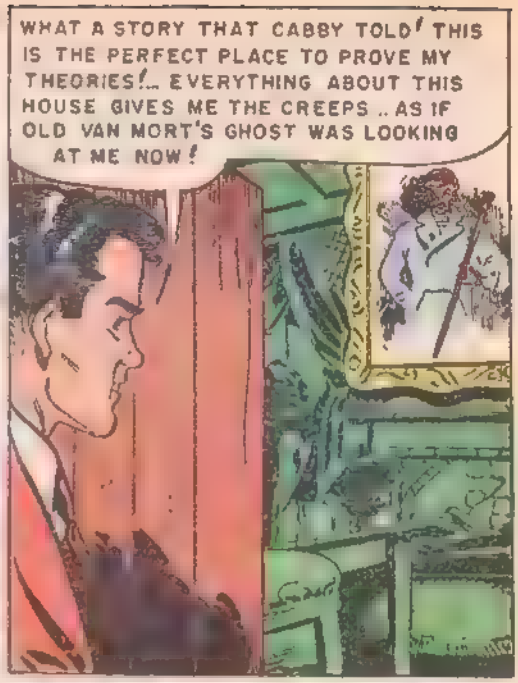

AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT JOHN HARVIN CAME TO HAVERSHAM AND..
TAKE ME TO THE VAN MORT HOUSE!
V-V-VAN M-MORT HOUSE?

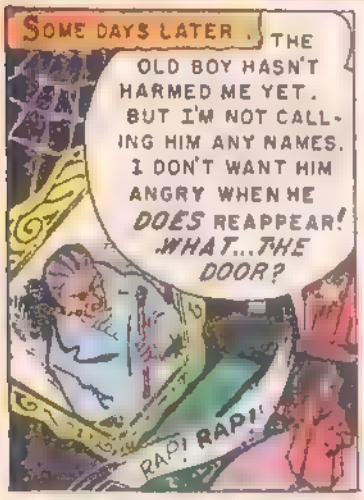

THAT'S WHAT I SAID. THE VAN MORT PLACE! I JUST LEASED IT FOR TWO MONTHS! IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?
TH..THE MATTER? I'LL SAY, MISTER! THAT PLACE YOU JUST RENTED..IS HAUNTED!

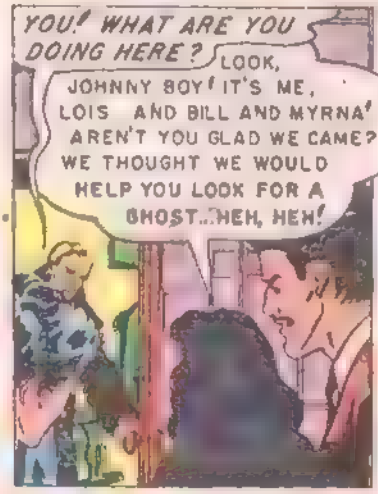
JOHN SCOFFED PURPOSELY AT THE CAB DRIVER'S SUPERSTITIONS SO AS TO GET THE STORY
HAUNTED? HA! HA!
YOU LAUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE HISTORY OF OLD VAN MORT AND HIS CANE! YES, IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL TURN AROUND AND NEVER SET FOOT IN THE OLD HOUSE OF VAN MORT!
IT ALL STARTED WAY BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THIS WAS STILL BRITISH COLONY LAND. THE RICHEST MAN IN THE COLONY WAS OLD VAN MORT AND ALSO THE UGLIEST!
SQUIRE VAN MORT, YOU MAKE A DASHING FIGURE STANDING THERE HOLDING YOUR CANE. YOU INSPIRE ME TO GREAT HEIGHTS.
ENOUGH OF YOUR FLATTERY!
AH, MY DEAR HUSBAND! AT LAST YOU ARE HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED. AND WITH THE CANE I GAVE TO YOU ON OUR HONEYMOON!
JANE! YOU STARTLED ME!...YES, I FINALLY AGREED TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT DONE. IT TOOK TIME TO GET THE COURAGE TO HAVE THIS UGLY FACE OF MINE SET DOWN ON CANVAS!
YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK SO, MY HUSBAND. TO ME YOU ARE NOT UGLY. I LOVE YOU.
EXCUSE ME. THE PORTRAIT IS QUITE FINISHED. I SHALL RETURN TOMORROW FOR A FINISHING TOUCH. I AM VERY PLEASED! THIS IS MY MASTERPIECE!
I SHALL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR, MR. COPELAND.
THANK YOU, MADAM. I MUST DO YOUR PORTRAIT SOMEDAY, ALSO.
AH..H..H! I AM INDEED A LUCKY MAN ALL MY RICHES WOULD BE WORTHLESS TO ME WITHOUT MY WIFE. THE WORLD CALLS ME UGLY. ONLY SHE SEES BEAUTY IN ME.
3

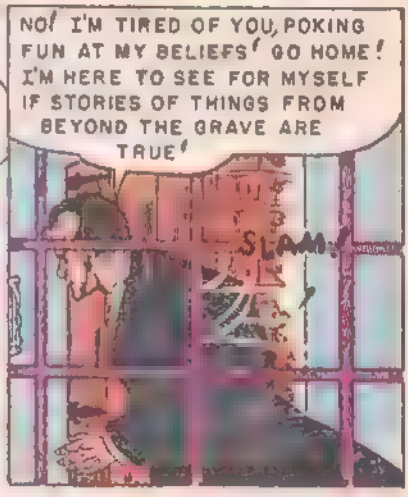
BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER
BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW? I DID NOT HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE FOR THE YOUNG PAINTER TO LEAVE. I WONDER IF SOMETHING IS AMISS?
I'LL GO A OH!
DARLING! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RID YOURSELF OF THAT UGLY MONKEY?
SO! UGLY MONKEY, AMI? OH, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN TO THINK A GIRL LIKE YOU COULD LOVE ME! I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU BOTH WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!
WHA... YOU... YOU HEARD?
YOU'LL BEAT NO ONE, YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER! THE ONE TO BE BEATEN WILL BE YOU! GIVE ME THAT CANE!
THERE!
LEAVE THE UGLY THING. LET HIM ROT WITH HIS UGLINESS AND HIS MONEY, GEORGE LET US FLEE THIS HOUSE!
OLD VAN MORT SOON DIED OF A BROKEN HEART HIS LAST REQUEST WAS A STRANGE ONE HE WISHED TO BE BURIED WITH THE CANE GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS UNFAITHFUL WIFE THE WOMAN HE HATED!
R. VAN MORT
SO THAT'S THE SUPERSTITION ABOUT THIS PLACE, EH?
IT AIN'T NO FAIRY TALE, EITHER, MISTER. VAN MORT'S WIFE AND THE PAINTER WERE FOUND DEAD SOON AFTER VAN MORT WAS BURIED.. APPARENTLY BEATEN TO DEATH
4


THAT AIN'T ALL OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE AND CALLED VAN MORT UGLY, SOON MET WITH A STRANGE DEATH! DON'T GO IN! GO BACK! OR VAN MORT'S GHOST WILL GET YOU!


WHAT A STORY THAT CABBY TOLD! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO PROVE MY THEORIES!.. EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS .. AS IF OLD VAN MORT'S GHOST WAS LOOKING AT ME NOW!


SOME DAYS LATER . .
THE OLD BOY HASN'T HARMED ME YET. BUT I'M NOT CALLING HIM ANY NAMES. I DON'T WANT HIM ANGRY WHEN HE DOES REAPPEAR! WHAT...THE DOOR?
RAP! RAP!


YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOK, JOHNNY BOY! IT'S ME, LOIS AND BILL AND MYRNA! AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME? WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HELP YOU LOOK FOR A GHOST...HEH, HEH!


NO! I'M TIRED OF YOU, POKING FUN AT MY BELIEFS! GO HOME! I'M HERE TO SEE FOR MYSELF IF STORIES OF THINGS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ARE TRUE!
SLAM!

I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU KNOW THAT LEGEND ABOUT A GHOST WITH A CANE WE HEARD IN TOWN ABOUT THIS PLACE? WELL, LET'S PLAY A TRICK ON JOHN!
GOOD!...WE'LL SCARE HIM SILLY!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THE THREE CAME BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE AND . LET'S HIDE IN THIS CORNER. JOHN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
HA, HA, HA, HA!

THESE RATTLING CHAINS AND THUMPING NOISES WILL SET HIM UP. OKAY, LOIS, SCREAM AND MAKE IT SOUND SCARY!
EEEEE!

W-WHY.. A SCREAM! IT CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS! WHAT COULD IT BE?
EEEEEEEE!
I HEAR CHAINS AND THUMPS LIKE FOOTSTEPS! C-CAN IT B-BE VAN MORT'S GHOST AFTER ALL?
RATTLE! RATTLE! THUMP!
I-IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE OLD PORTRAIT! I'LL...
EEEEEE!
YAAAAAA!
HELP! HELP! THE GHOST OF VAN MORT! HELP! HELP! IT'S AFTER ME!
HA, HA, HA, HA! DID YOU SEE HIM RUN?
A-AND YELLING ABOUT THE..HA, HA, HA!.. THE GHOST OF VAN MORT!
ISN'T HE UGLY?
AH, YES, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL PLAY GHOST AND MEDDLE IN THE MATTERS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD! EVEN AS THESE THREE FOOLS POKE FUN AT THE PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT.
SAY, I THOUGHT I SAW IT..YAAAA! I-IT DID! IT'S COMING! IT'S TALKING!
YOU..DARE... LAUGH?..AND CALL ME-UGLY?
6

LATER, WHEN JOHN HARVIN RETURNED WITH THE POLICE ..
I-I ONLY WANTED TO SEE THE GHOST! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD TURN ON ME! I JUST WANT TO GET MY THINGS OUT OF THERE AND NEVER COME BACK!
YOU FOLKS WON'T BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL YOU THE PLACE IS DANGEROUS. SMART ALECKS! WELL, LET'S GO IN
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE! OPEN THAT DOOR!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
LOIS AND MYRNA! THEY'VE AGED TWENTY YEARS AND ARE COMPLETELY MAD! WHAT COULD THEY HAVE SEEN?
LOOK!
HA! HA!
..AND AND BILL!
HE'S BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH..BY THAT BROKEN CANE!
BEATEN TO DEATH BY HIS CANE...THE GHOST OF VAN MORT DID IT! BUT HOW?
SAY, LOOK AT THE PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT! IT CARRIES A CANE...LIKE THIS PIECE OF WOOD!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! I'M GOING TO BURN THIS EVIL PORTRAIT OF VAN MORT!
GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK! A SKELETON AND A BROKEN CANE!
I'LL BURN IT TOO AND WITH IT, THE EVIL THAT HAUNTED THIS HOUSE! THIS CANE WILL KILL NO MORE!
YES! BEHIND THE PICTURE WAS VAN MORT'S SKELETON AND A BROKEN CANE!
JOHN BURNED THE SKELETON AND THE CANE HE RETURNED TO THE CITY! HE STILL BELIEVES IN SPIRITS, BUT HIS CURIOSITY TO SEEK OUT GHOSTS IS GONE! DO YOU BLAME HIM? HMMMM!

TERROR OF THE GHOSTLY STALLION

It was raining the day of the funeral. Amy stood at the edge of the grave watching them lower Cal in the coffin—her bridegroom of one night. Suddenly she uttered a piercing scream, made a leap forward and tried to jump into the open grave. She struggled with the hands that pulled her back. "Let me go, let me go," she cried. "I don't want to live without him. Let me join him."

Suddenly a low whinnying sound broke through the misty air. Amy stopped her struggles. As the earth fell upon Cal's coffin, she thought she saw through the trees a black horse running away—his head with its long flowing mane was turned toward her, his brilliant eyes fastened on hers. Her resistance ebbed and as they led her back toward home, she whispered, "Cal, please come back."

The bride of one night was delerious for a week, her dreams going back to the horrible events before the funeral. The spectre of her tall, gaunt guardian, old Ben, was constantly there, threatening her if she dared to run away and marry Cal Lessing. The wonderful night of her elopement came back to her, the brief, tender happiness in the arms of her new husband—where she thought she'd be safe forever—and nevermore lonely and miserable. Then again in her dreams she heard the loud clap of thunder, almost bursting within the room, and it all came back to her: how she started up from her sleep and saw in the jagged lightening, a tall, gaunt figure.

Still dreaming of her one night, she recalled how she screamed and turned to clutch Cal; how, groping in the semi-dark, her fingers reached toward his face and touched something sticky on his temple. But Cal lay strangely still. Then everything had gone black and she had fallen into unconsciousness.

Now, weak and wan, but able to come downstairs, she found Old Ben waiting for her. He stood over her as she sat in the deep chair. "It war Fate," he said grimly. "You defied your own Guardian—who bro't you up from a wee one. You knew I war agin that thar Cal—or any of the Lessing kin. It war God's hand that struck him down." And he strode from the room.

That night, after dinner, Amy sat on the back porch, rocking, rocking. What was that sound? She creaked to a stop, listening. It was like a whinny! As her eyes stared into the night trying to penetrate the darkness, her fingers gripping tightly the arms of the rocker, she made out in the dim moonlight the huge outlines of a horse. Again the whinnying sound—soft, inviting!

As though drawn by some magnetic pull, Amy slowly advanced down the path toward the strange horse, standing like a caller at her gate. No, it couldn't be—but—yes—she recognized the horse she had seen near Cal's grave. Just as she reached his side she heard Old Ben's voice from the porch calling—"Amy, what are you doing there? Who is that with you?" And the same moment this handsome stallion bent his forelegs, tossed his mane and pulled gently with his teeth on Amy's dress. She understood and leaped to his back. Away he ran into the night, as Amy heard her guardian's clumping footsteps hurrying down the path.

It was late when Amy came back through her gate. There on the porch, asleep in the rocker, was Old Ben. She moved softly past him and went to her room, undressed and got into bed. The moon shone through the window and she left the blind raised. A smile was on her lips and her eyes were bright. The door opened and Old Ben came in. "Amy!" he called. "Yes, Uncle Ben," she answered. "When did you come in? Where have you been?" his voice was angry.

Amy waited a while before answering. Then, "I wanted to get out for a while? What do you want?"

"Why should you want to go out at night—alone? You're to stay at home, d'y' hear?" Amy could tell that her guardian was blustering as though he suddenly realized he couldn't cope with her any longer.

The next two nights it rained, but the third night, Amy again heard that strange, soft whinny at the gate. In the bright moonlight the black stallion was clearly visible. Her heart leaping, Amy quickly brushed her golden hair and flew down the path. She turned to look back and saw her guardian's face at the window. Old Ben could see her throw her arms about the horse's neck, as though he were her lover and jump on his back as he knelt to assist

THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

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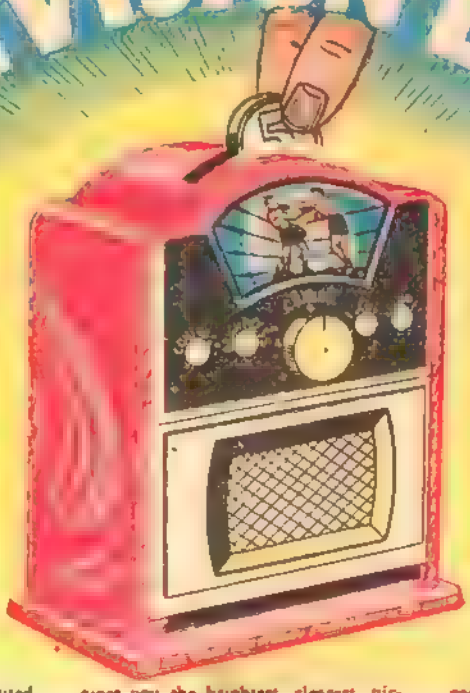

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her. With a ringing laugh she waved to him and off the two of them went.

Old Ben suddenly shivered. A thought had struck him which made his blood run cold: Amy was acting as though she were going to a tryst and that horse—acted sort of human! The way he bent down to let her jump on his back more easily—and his coming to the gate for her! And the way Amy flushed and grew excited! It was queer, queer! Just as he had taken care of Cal and disposed of him so cleverly, so he'd find a way to put an end to whatever was going on. And so soon after she lost Cal? Well, just like a woman! But he'd find who this new fella was—he'd track 'em down.

Repeatedly, the same thing happened. Several times Old Ben was on their trail only to lose it. During the days, Amy never spoke to him. A quiet, secret smile on her face taunted him. Once when he shouted: "Whose horse is that? What man are you meeting now—An' your husband not yet cold in his grave? Yur a shameless hussy and I should throw you out'r this house!"—Amy only looked at him and smiled, strangely. It frightened him. She acted so queer. Yet she did her work—just the same as ever. He'd be lost without her. "If she warn't so purty maybe she could've stayed content in his house, stead of gallivantin' off first with Cal and now with some new 'un—whoever he could be. Yeah—some boy allus turnin' her head." These thoughts kept running through Old Ben's mind.

The next moonlight night, Old Ben saw the beautiful horse again. He stealthily locked Amy in her room as she was hurrying to dress. As he started down the path he could hear her banging on the door. There was the horse. His plan was to mount it in Amy's stead and see where the beast took her. He touched the dagger in his belt; he was ready for the feller that was meetin' his Amy these nights. When he reached the stallion, the animal reared up to his full height and bared his huge white teeth—but Old Ben had handled horses all his life and thought he had managed to quiet him. In fact, the horse suddenly became gentle and let Old Ben mount him. As he did so, clinging to the thick mane (for the animal had no saddle), the horse's head was turned full around on his long neck and Old Ben found him looking straight into his eyes. At once before, he shivered. Those eyes! They were like—like—Cal's! Then the horse ran. Ben yelled. He tried to get the horse to stop, but it was galloping at a terrific speed weaving daringly through the trees. Old Ben's eyes were wide with fright as they approached the cliff, with its stone-faced drop to the rocks below. At the edge, the horse stopped abruptly and bending his long neck, threw the half-paralyzed man to the ground.

"What—who—are you?" Old Ben quavered. The horse bent his head low and Ben saw a bullet-hole in his brow. "Th—that's where I shot Cal—" Ben said, horrified.

There was a muffled sound of galloping and with relief he saw Amy riding toward them on his mare Betsy. Old Ben, lying weakly on the ground called to her. But Amy rushed over to the Stallion and threw her arms about his neck. Amy tried to stop him, but the animal kicked and trampled Ben—crushing his skull.

Honk and Joe Ware heard the snorting of an angry horse and its trampling hooves. They galloped toward the sounds—and stood aghast as they watched a horse and rider race toward the cliff to certain death. It was a rider they knew. They called to her, "Amy, come back. But she paid no heed. As they ran to the edge of the cliff and peered far below them, they were astounded, unbelieving. The horse and its rider had disappeared. Instead they saw Amy and a man who looked like Cal, hand in hand, laughingly walk into the waves below until they were engulfed by the ocean that pounded the tall cliff. The two men gasped—then looked at the body of Old Ben. It couldn't be, but yes, there were the imprints of horses hooves over the entire corpse of Old Ben!

The End.

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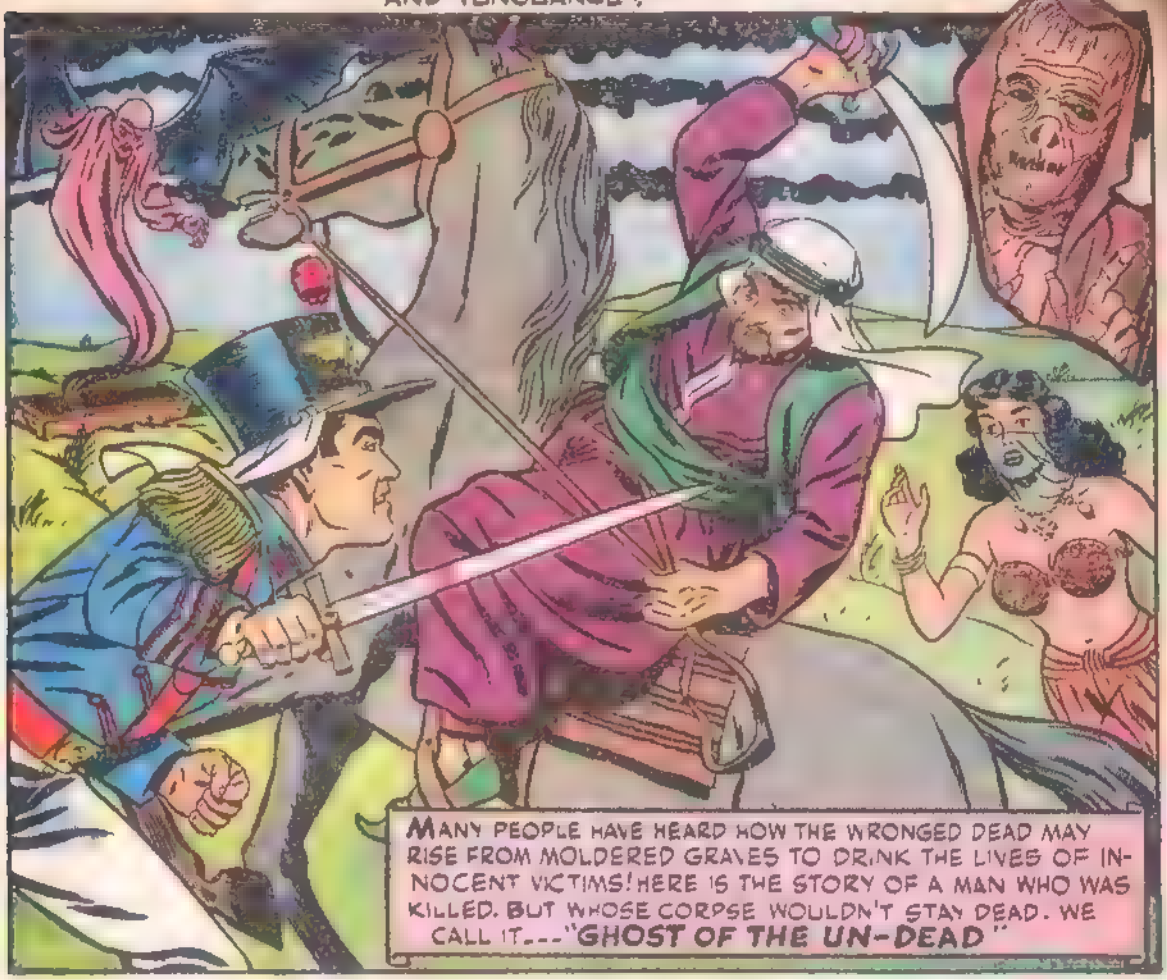
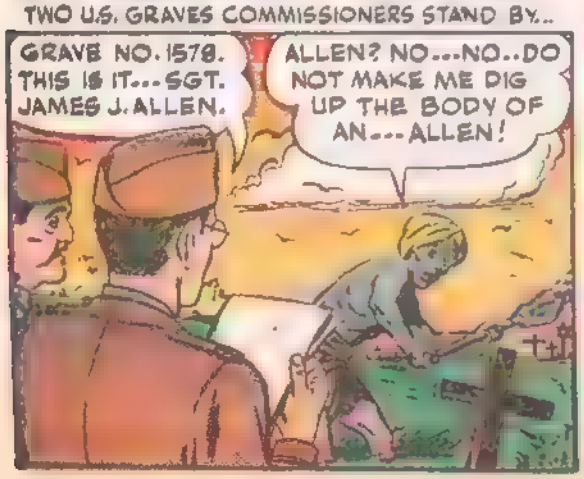
GHOST OF THE UN-DEAD

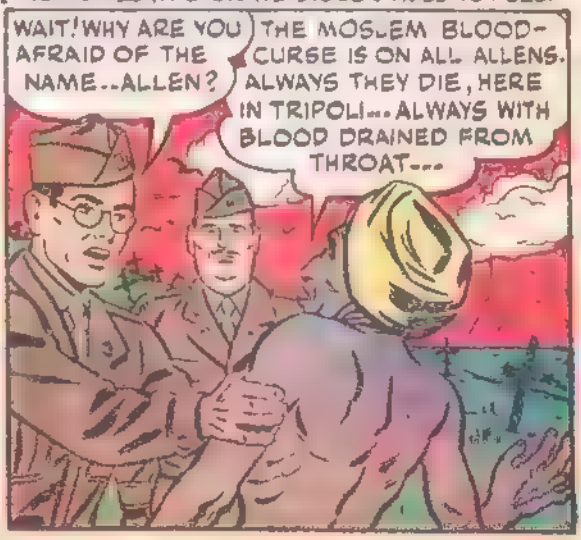
WHAT HORRIBLY-FANGED AND SOULLESS BEAST LIVES IN A COFFIN WITH A DEAD BODY? CAN THAT---DREAD "THING"..ROAM THE EARTH FOREVER, SEEKING WARM BLOOD AND VENGEANCE?



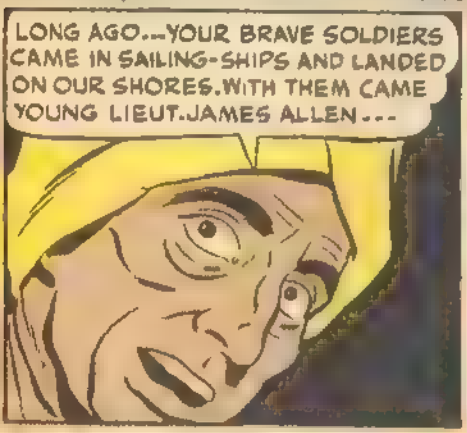
IN A CEMETERY IN TRIPOLI, AS A GRAVE-DIGGER TOILS TO UNCOVER THE CORPSE OF AN AMERICAN MARINE KILLED IN 1943.. TWO U.S. GRAVES COMMISSIONERS STAND BY..

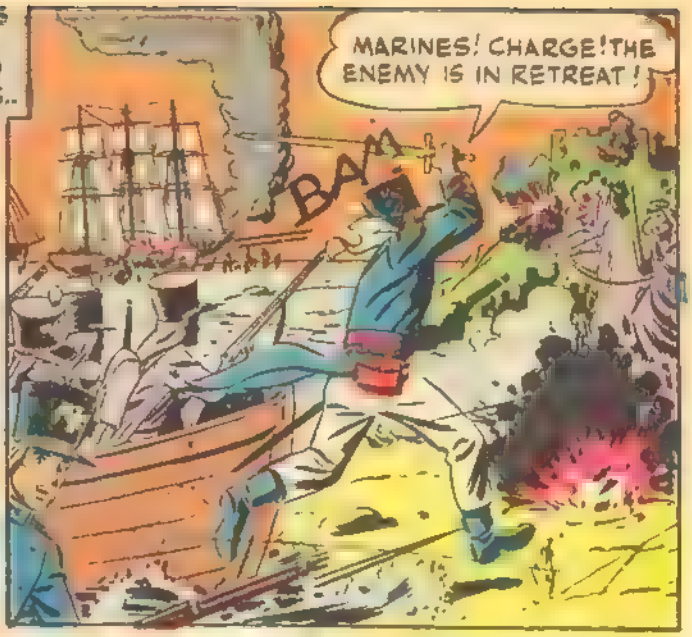


FRIGHTENED, THE GRAVE-DIGGER TRIES TO FLEE..



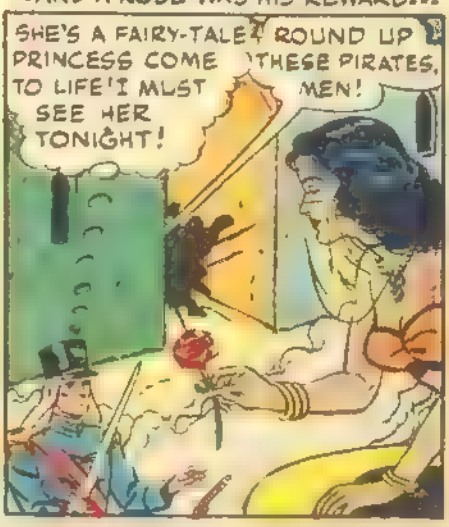
THE TREMBLING GRAVE-DIGGER RECOUNTS AN OLD LEGEND THAT BEGAN IN 1815... WHEN AMERICAN MARINES FIRST LANDED IN TRIPOLI TO BATTLE COASTAL PIRATES..



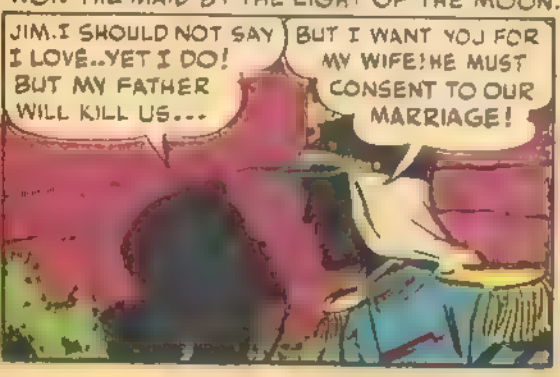


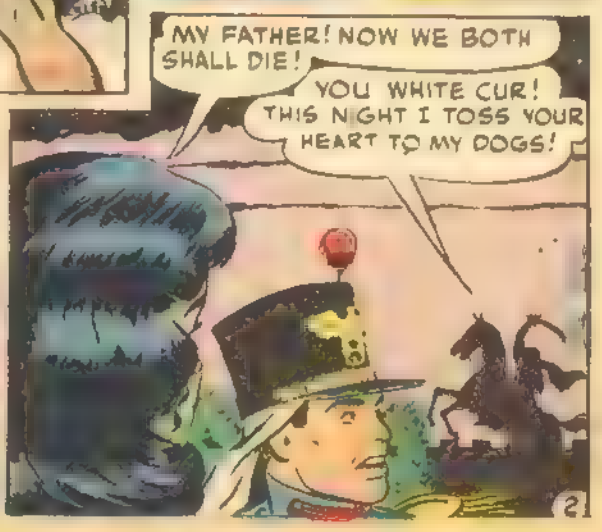
HE LED A DARING RAID INTO THAT PIRATE-INFESTED CITY OF 1815 --- AND THERE, UNDER THE VEILED EYES OF A NATIVE BEAUTY---

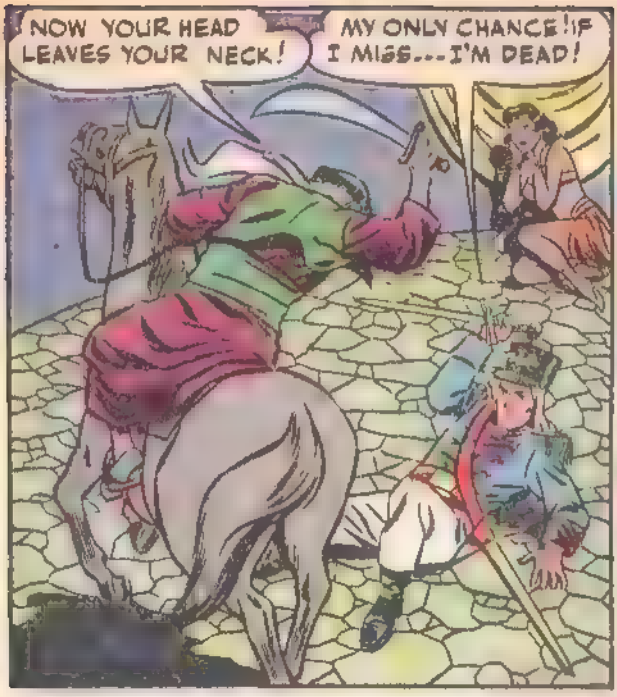
LIEUT. ALLEN WAVED AT THE MAID. --AND A ROSE WAS HIS REWARD...

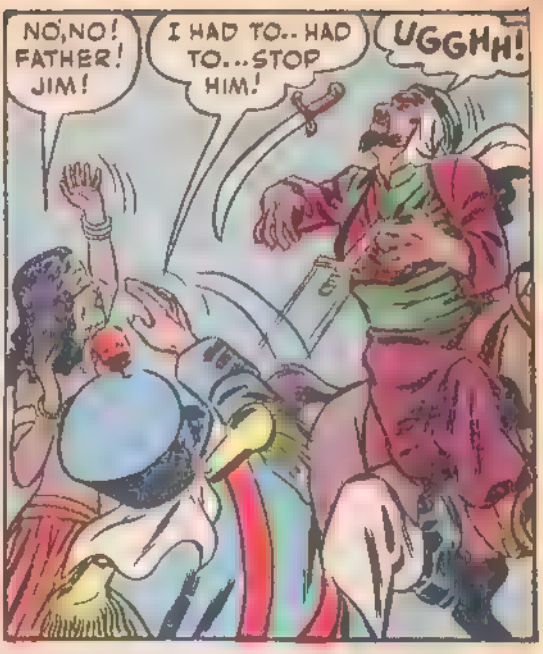


SO, JAMES ALLEN FOUGHT BY DAY...AND WON THE MAID BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

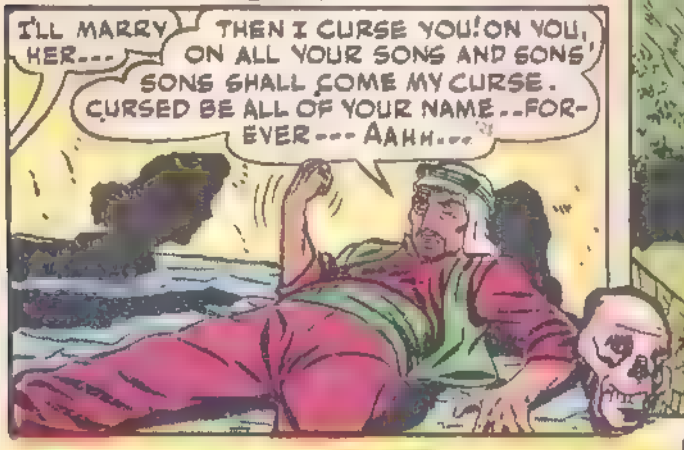


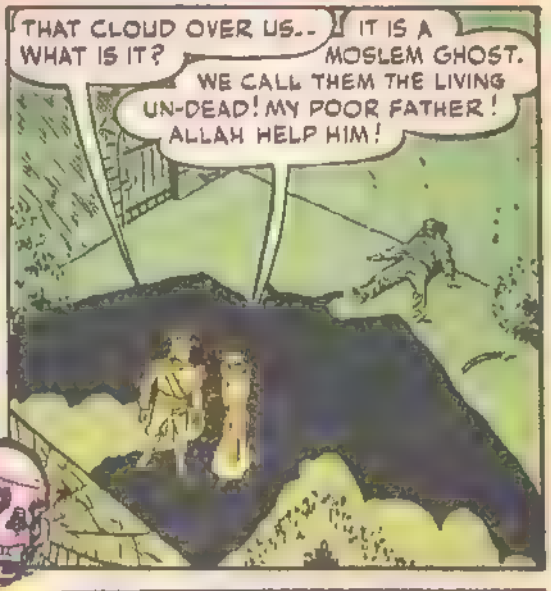




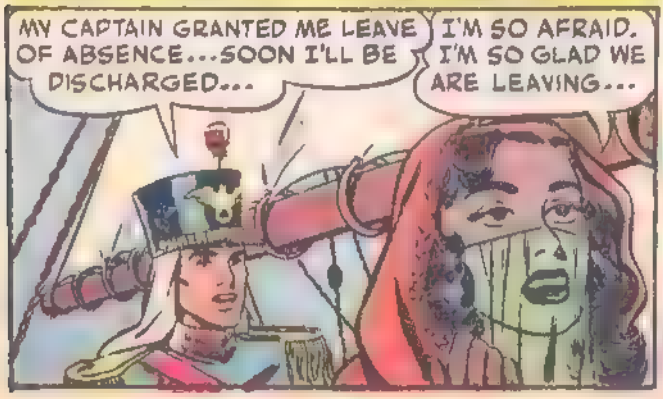


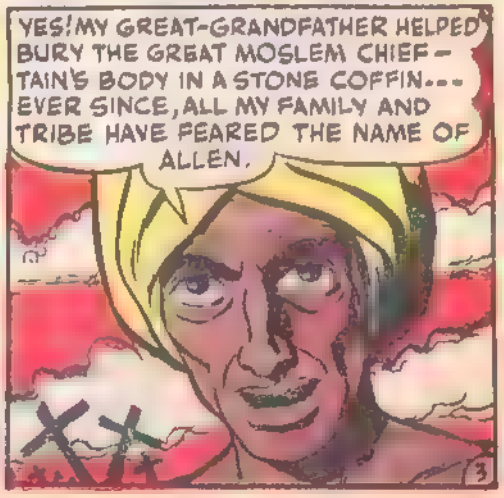
AS THE MOSLEM CHIEFTAIN DIED, HE DIPPED HIS HAND IN HIS DEATH-WOUND AND SHOUTED A MOSLEM CURSE THAT CHILLED HIS DAUGHTER'S HEART!





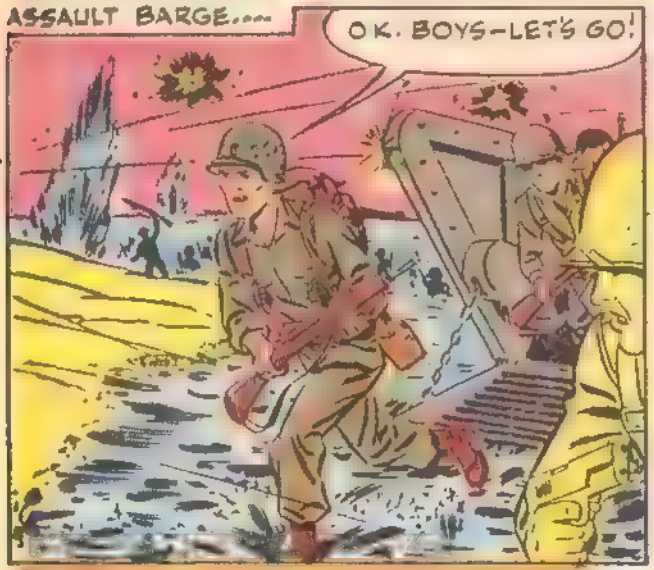
THAT VERY NIGHT LIEUT. ALLEN AND THE GIRL WERE WED...THE NEXT DAY THEY SAILED BACK TO AMERICA ...NEVER TO RETURN TO TRIPOLI AGAIN...



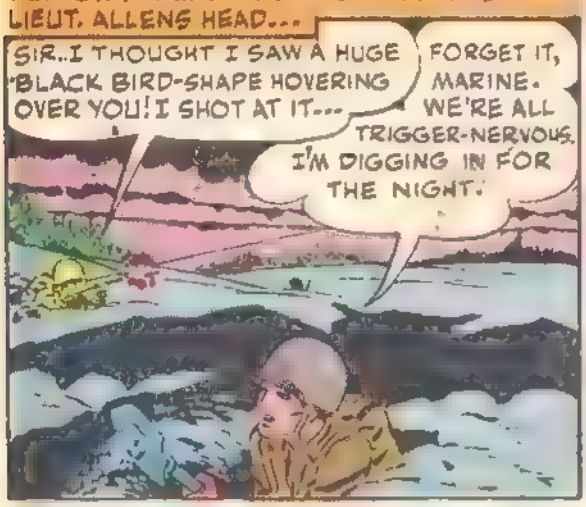


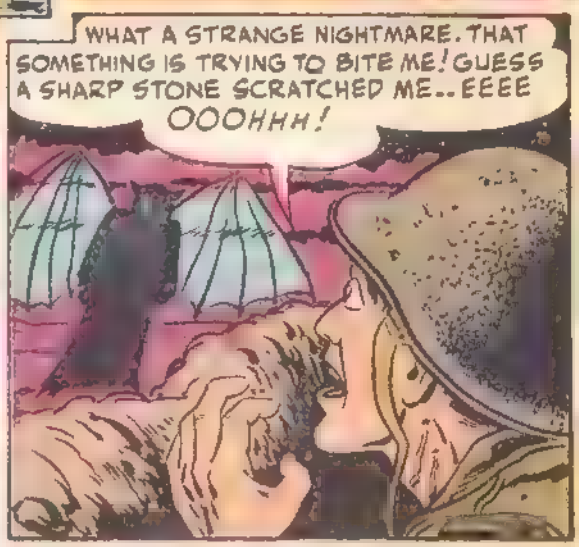
THEN IN 1850...ANOTHER JAMES ALLEN CAME TO TRIPOLI. IT WAS MY GRANDFATHER WHO CARRIED HIS BAGS FROM THE SHIP...
I HOPE YOU FIND THAT LEAD MINE YOU'RE PROSPECTING FOR, MR. ALLEN.
ALLEN? THE CURSE-NAME? MAY ALLAH GUARD US!
ARE YOU THE SON OF A MOSLEM BRIDE AND OF LIEUT. ALLEN? THEN BEWARE OF THIS LAND..DO NOT STAY, I BEG YOU!
THIS SUPERSTITIOUS PORTER WANTS A BIG TIP, I GUESS!
THE PORTER WOULD TAKE NO MONEY FROM THIS JAMES ALLEN. HE TRIED AGAIN TO WARN HIM-- BUT ALLEN ONLY SCOFFED...
DO NOT SLEEP HERE EVEN ONE NIGHT
HA! HA! THAT OLD STORY. MY FATHER ONCE WARNED ME THAT YOU FELLOWS WOULD TRY TO SCARE ME. I'M A MINING ENGINEER---NOT A GHOST BELIEVER!
BUT THAT NIGHT "SOMETHING" VISITED JAMES ALLEN WHILE HE SLEPT...
I CAN'T WAKE UP... I MUST BE DREAMING SOMETHING BIT ME ----OOOHHH---
THE NEXT MORNING..
DEAD..AND DRAINED OF BLOOD! THOSE MARKS ON HIS THROAT.. MARKS OF..
QUIET! WE NATIVES KNOW! BURY HIM AND FORGET YOU EVER SAW HIS THROAT! MY REPORT WILL SAY HEART FAILURE---
AND IN 1900, SUSANNA ALLEN CAME TO VISIT TRIPOLI AS PART OF A WORLD CRUISE...
DORIS, THERE'S SOME FAMILY STORY ABOUT A CURSE HERE, ROMANTIC, ISN'T IT? MY GREAT GRANDPA YOU KNOW, CARRIED OFF A MOSLEM GIRL FOR HIS BRIDE...
AND THE NEXT MORNING, PRETTY SUSANNA ALLEN....
SHE FELL FROM HER WINDOW? SLEEP WALKING, THEY SAY, POOR DEAR!
MORE LIKELY FRIGHTENED. BUT SEE THE MARKS ON HER THROAT..DID YOU SAY HER NAME WAS ALLEN?

THEN, IN 1943, DURING WORLD WAR II, ANOTHER DETACHMENT OF U.S. MARINES LANDED ON A BEACH NEAR THE SEAPORT OF TRIPOLI...AND AGAIN A LIEUT. JAMES J. ALLEN JR. COMMANDED AN ASSAULT BARGE....



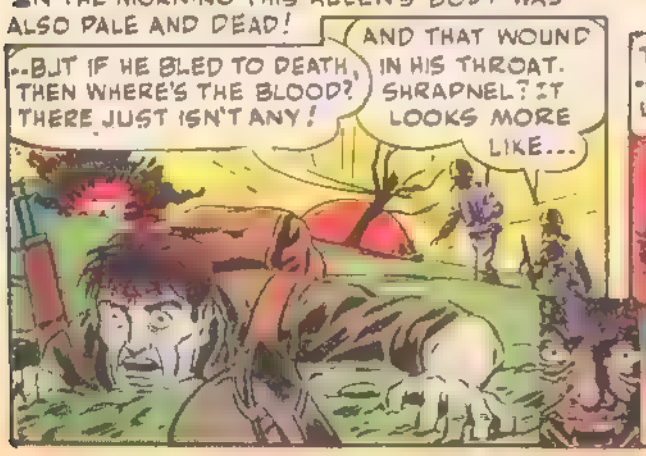
THAT NIGHT, STILL UNDER ENEMY FIRE, A FELLOW MARINE FIRED HIS RIFLE OVER LIEUT. ALLENS HEAD...

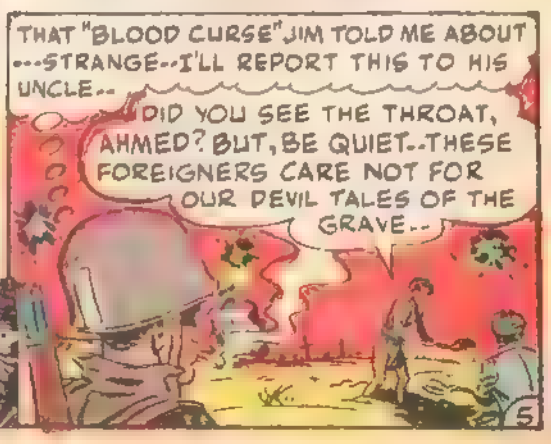




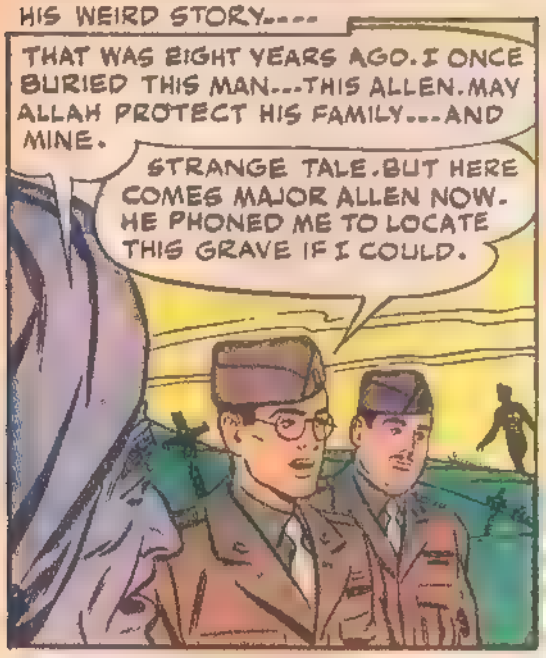
A NATIVE BURIAL SQUAD QUICKLY INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF LIEUT. JAMES J. ALLEN....

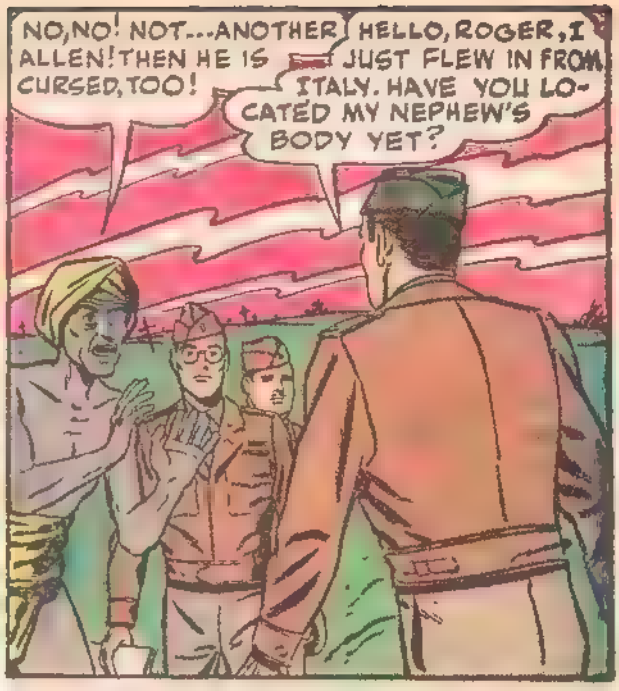
IN THE MORNING THIS ALLEN'S BODY WAS ALSO PALE AND DEAD!



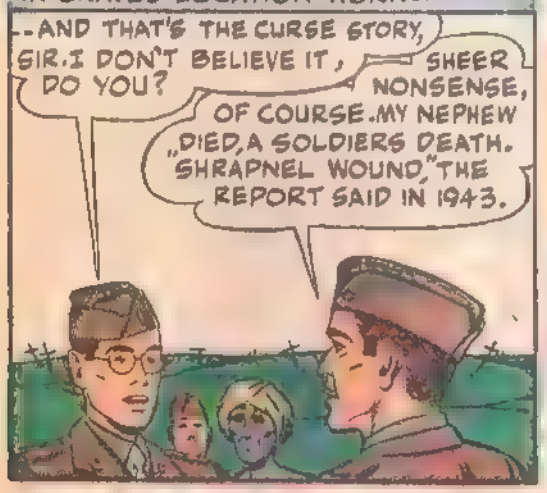


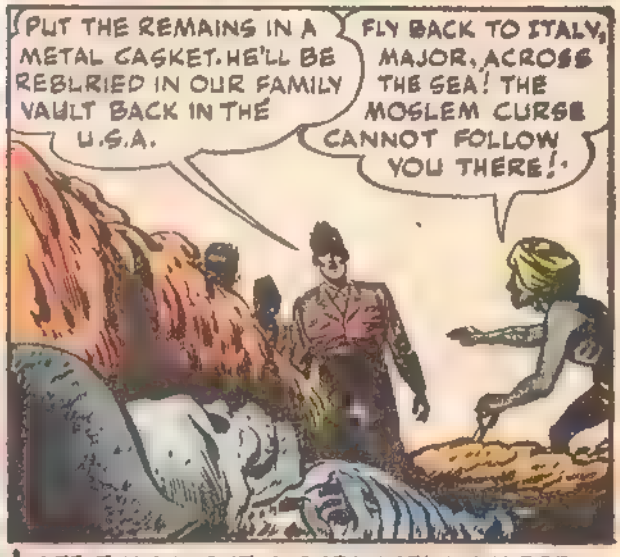
AND SO THE GRAVE DIGGER ENDED HIS WEIRD STORY----

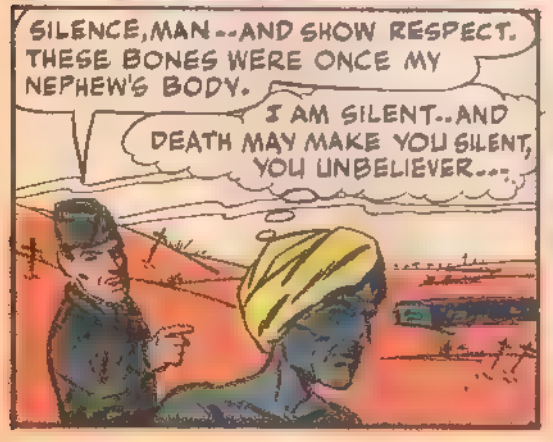




QUICKLY, THE TWO GRAVES COMMISSIONERS TELL ALL THEY'VE HEARD TO MAJOR JOHN JAMES ALLEN, THEIR SUPERIOR OFFICER IN GRAVES LOCATION WORK---

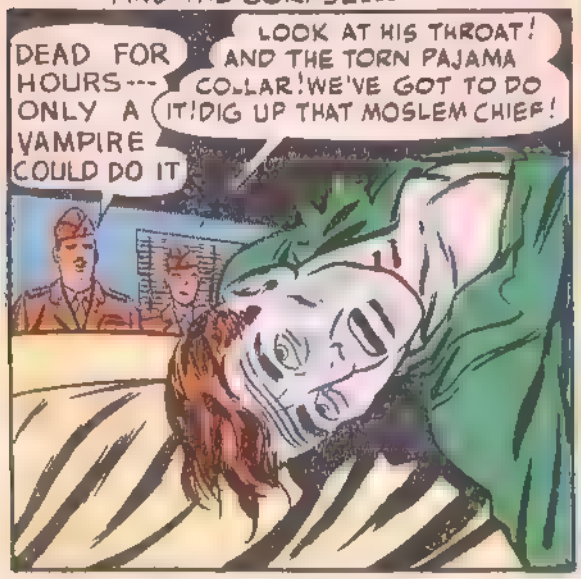




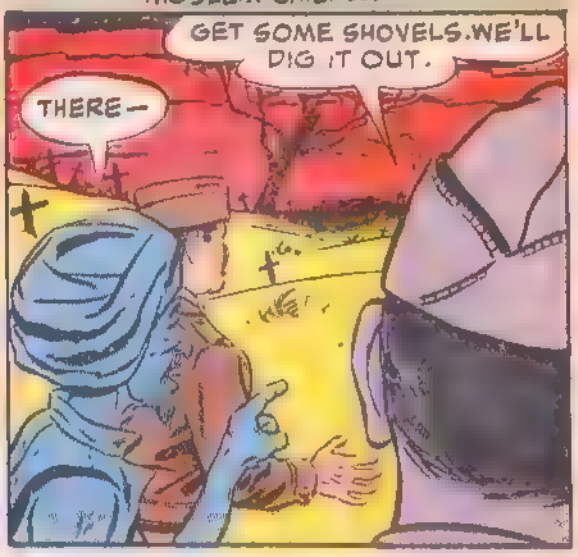


LATE THAT NIGHT, A STRANGELY-SHAPED SHADOW DARKENS THE WALL IN MAJOR ALLEN'S ROOM

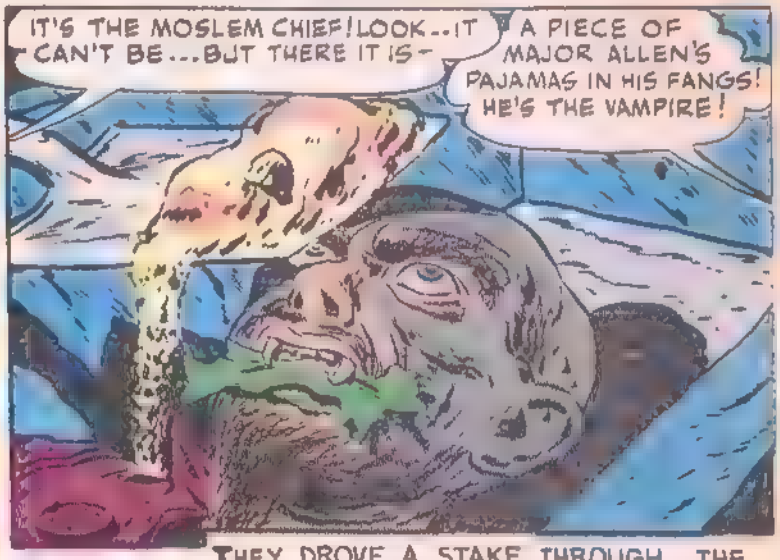
AND IN THE MORNING, MAJOR ALLEN'S DEAD BODY IS COLD AND PALE! HIS TWO FRIENDS FIND THE CORPSE---

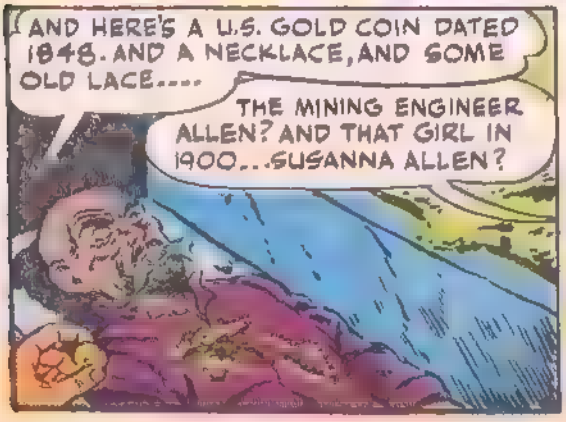


FRANTICALLY, THE TWO MEN HUNT OUT THE NATIVE GRAVE DIGGER. BRIBED, THE OLD MAN POINTED OUT THE ANCIENT GRAVE OF THE MOSLEM CHIEF---



QUICKLY, THE MEN UNCOVER AN ANCIENT STONE COFFIN! AND WHEN THEY LIFT THE LID----A HORRIBLE SIGHT CHILLS THEIR BLOOD!





THEY DROVE A STAKE THROUGH THE MOSLEM CORPSE AND FILLED IN THE GRAVE. WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THEIR STORY? DO **YOU** BELIEVE IT? OF COURSE YOU DO AND SO NOW THERE ARE AT LEAST FOUR IN THE WORLD WHO KNOW IT'S TRUE. THE TWO GRAVES COMMISSIONERS, THE OLD NATIVE GRAVE DIGGER----AND YOU.

TERRIFIC PRICE SMASH

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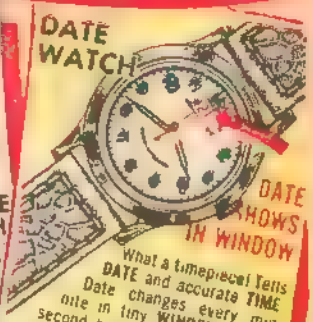
NOW 9.99

DE-LUXE MEN'S WATCH

"ELDORADO" — the watch for active men — last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around dial. Solid Gold Color Effect chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Large sweep second hand. Rugged case resists shocks. Imported Swiss movement — really accurate. Unlimited Guarantee. Exclusive of Parts. Former $24.95. Special SALE price 9.99

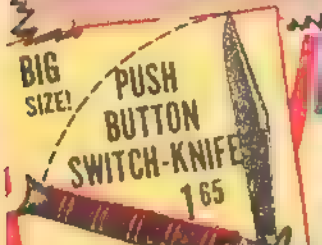


DATE WATCH

DATE SHOWS IN WINDOW

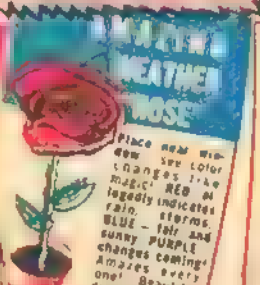
What a timepiece! Tells DATE and accurate TIME. Date changes every minute in tiny WINDOW. Sweep second hand. Satiny silver-color case. Unbreakable crystal. Unlimited Guarantee exclusive of parts. Mighty good looks. This terrific value! RUSH! Only 1.98

BIG SIZE! PUSH BUTTON SWITCH-KNIFE 1.65



PRESS BUTTON TO OPEN

SURPRISE your friends with this amazing PUSH-BUTTON knife! Every man should carry one! — inch blade of sharp steel! Just push button! Blade flies open lightning fast! Notice bolsters for sure hand grip and safety lock. Some knife! Some buy! Only 1.65



AMAZING WEATHER ROSE

Place near window. See color changes like magic! RED allegedly indicates rain, storms. BLUE — fair and sunny. PURPLE changes coming! Amazes every one! Beautiful decorative flow — not given. 99

2.97

Men's INITIAL Ring

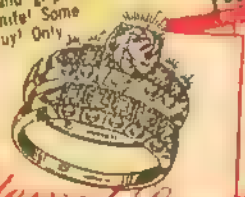
Your own INITIAL in raised Gold Color Effect set in a RUBY color stone, flanked by 2 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. 14 Karat Rolled Gold Plate! Fashionable! Smart! Wear with pride — enjoy a lifetime. Mention letter desired. Only 2.97

SOLID SILVER

BIG! HEAVY

SIMULATED **Ruby ARMY Ring**

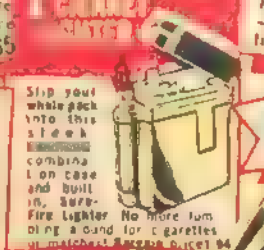
It's terrific! Extra heavy SOLID STERLING SILVER. Deep embossed Real ARMY style ring for red-blooded Americans. Big simulated RUBY in centre cut inside. Sparkles with rays of red. Very tight. Super-special de-luxe quality. Win popular ity! Wear with pride! Lifetime value! Only 3.95



Eternal Love

ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING SET

Something special and very pretty. Imagine — 12 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS, imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous engagement and Wedding set. NATURAL GOLD color exquisitely designed. Your price for both 4.99 yet they look like $750.00 and more! They sparkle a 1000 rays of light. Enjoy a LIFETIME! Try at our risk! Price back quick if not thrilled! RUSH! Don't lose this golden opportunity!



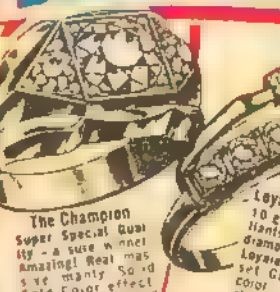
Slip your whole pack into this sleek combination case and built in, Sure-Fire Lighter. No more fumbling around for cigarettes or matches! Sample price! 94

6.98

Ladies' SPORTEX Watch

Sturdy accurate watch for active women, girls, typists, etc. Luminous numbers and unbreakable crystal. Dainty and rich looking. Reduced to 6.98

SEND NO MONEY!



The Champion

Super Special Quality — a sure winner. Amazing! Real massive manly Solid Gold Color effect. Big pseudo Diamond in centre flanked by 2 others. 4.95

Loyale Wedding Set

10 gl stening brilliants to resemble diamonds featured in Loyale Wedding Ring set. Gorgeous gold color fashionable! Compare. Both rings 2.95

Commando "5"

5 big, impressive Pseudo Diamonds of fiery brilliancy. Extra heavy weight, natural Gold color, with $750.00 appearance. Manly! Commands respect! 3.55

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Take 10 whole days to see, try, enjoy any article! Full price back unless pleased! Stocks limited! Send COUPON today! Pay price plus few cents postage and tax on delivery. Then try 10 days at OUR risk. You can't lose a cent!

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Write in articles desired in lines below. Send no money. Pay price shown plus few cents postage and tax on delivery. Try 10 days. *Full price back if not pleased.*

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SEND STRIP OF PAPER TO SHOW RING SIZE.

TERROR OF THE ANCIENT SKELETON

THE SMALL MIDWESTERN VILLAGE OF EAST SUDSBURY IS AS QUIET AND PEACEFUL A PLACE AS MAY BE FOUND TODAY IN THIS FEAR HARRIED WORLD. AND YET, FROM THIS VERY HAVEN OF PEACE, HAS COME AS WEIRD AN EXAMPLE OF THE DANGERS OF PLAYING WITH THE UNSEEN FORCES THAT FILL ALL NATURE AS MIGHT BE FOUND ON ANY OF THE BLACK PAGES OF THE SECRET, ARCANE LITERATURE CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL....

BEWARE, FRAIL MAN, BEWARE!! DON'T TOUCH THE BONES OF ASTI-HOTEP. LET HOTEP BE.

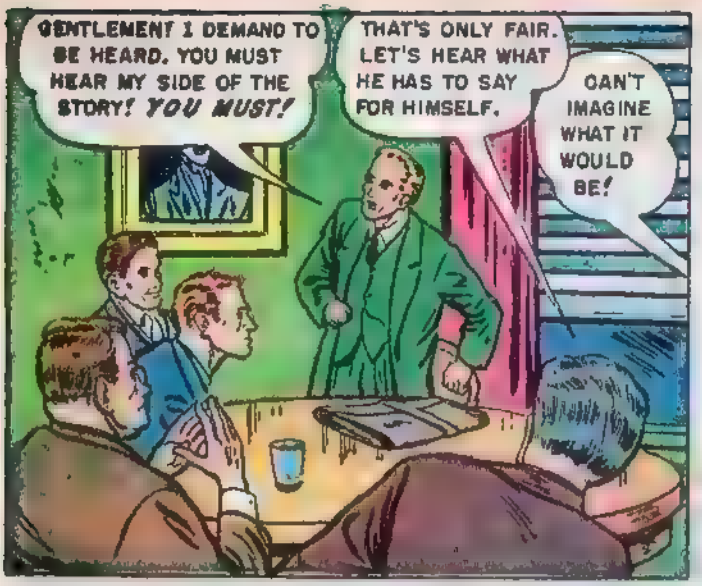
WHA-WHAT? I'M SEEING THINGS. THIS CAN ONLY BE AN HALLUCINATION!

THE TOWN OF EAST SUDSBURY WAS SHOCKED RECENTLY WHEN ITS MOST POPULAR DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED BEFORE THE STATE MEDICAL BOARD TO SHOW GOOD CAUSE WHY HIS LICENSE TO PRACTISE SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM.

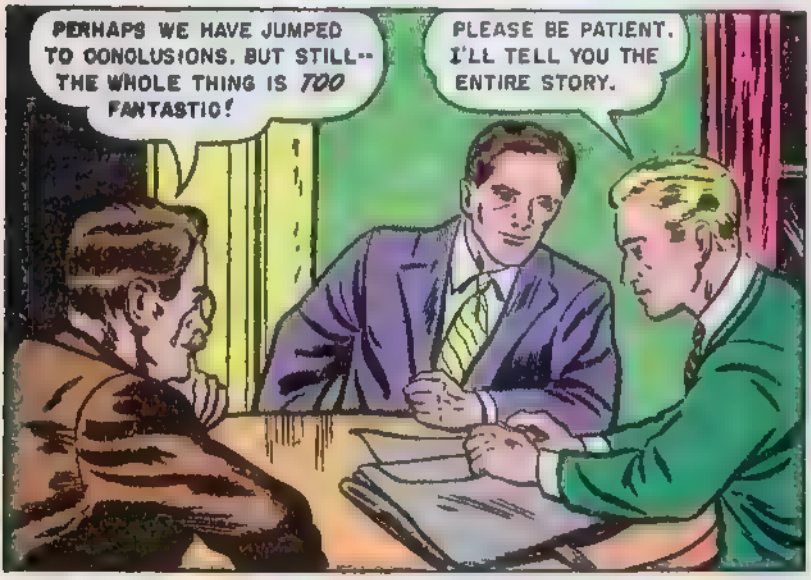
BUT GENTLEMEN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'VE DONE NOTHING IN ANY WAY TO DISCREDIT THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

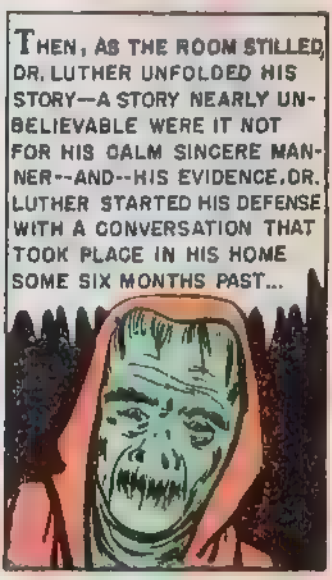
NO? HOW ABOUT THAT ARTICLE OF YOURS IN THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL JOURNAL, DR. LUTHER?

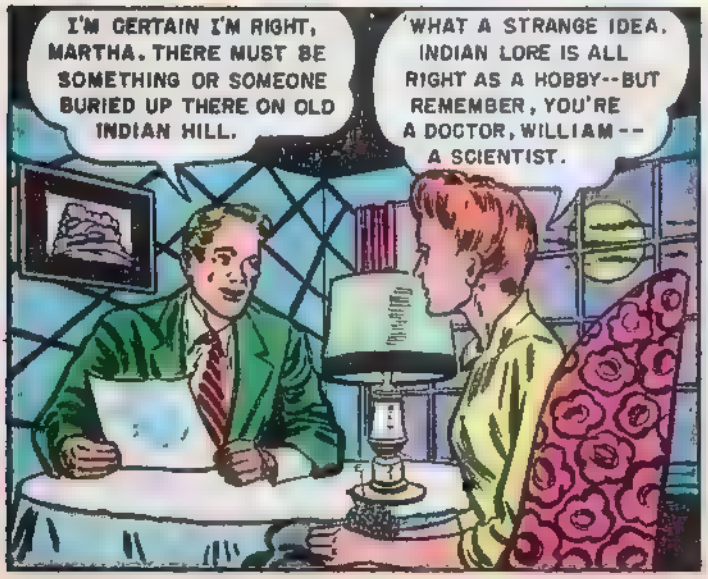
YOU! A DOCTOR, TO WRITE AS TRUTH, GIBBERISH ABOUT A DIFFERENT RACE OF DEAD BEINGS WHO CONTROLLED THE EARTH! BEINGS WHOSE BONES ARE *BEWITCHED!* YOU ARE A BLOT ON THE PROFESSION!


GENTLEMEN! I DEMAND TO BE HEARD. YOU MUST HEAR MY SIDE OF THE STORY! YOU MUST!
THAT'S ONLY FAIR. LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.
CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE!

I KNOW THE IDEAS IN MY ARTICLE MUST SOUND AS IF I HAD LOST MY MIND. BUT I HAVEN'T. MY STATEMENTS WERE ALL TRUE. I CAN PROVE THEM!


PERHAPS WE HAVE JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS. BUT STILL-- THE WHOLE THING IS TOO FANTASTIC!
PLEASE BE PATIENT. I'LL TELL YOU THE ENTIRE STORY.


THEN, AS THE ROOM STILLED, DR. LUTHER UNFOLDED HIS STORY—A STORY NEARLY UNBELIEVABLE WERE IT NOT FOR HIS CALM SINCERE MANNER--AND--HIS EVIDENCE. DR. LUTHER STARTED HIS DEFENSE WITH A CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE IN HIS HOME SOME SIX MONTHS PAST...


I'M CERTAIN I'M RIGHT, MARTHA. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING OR SOMEONE BURIED UP THERE ON OLD INDIAN HILL.
WHAT A STRANGE IDEA. INDIAN LORE IS ALL RIGHT AS A HOBBY--BUT REMEMBER, YOU'RE A DOCTOR, WILLIAM -- A SCIENTIST.

ALL OLD LEGENDS HAVE A BASIS IN FACT. THE STORIES OF OLD INDIAN HILL, AND OF A HORRIBLE DEMON BURIED THERE, DATE BACK FOR CENTURIES. I'M GOING OUT THERE TOMORROW AND SEE IF MY THEORY IS RIGHT.

MY DUTIES THE NEXT DAY SEEMED ENDLESS, BUT AT LAST MY OFFICE HOURS WERE OVER AND I HASTENED OUT TO THE LOW KNOLL, KNOWN LOCALLY AS OLD INDIAN HILL.
THAT'S STRANGE I'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT CAVE BEFORE. THE LIGHT MUST BE STRIKING IT JUST RIGHT
HIS EFFORTS WERE REWARDED! HE FOUND A STRANGE SKELETON! BUT WHAT WERE THOSE STRANGE SOUNDS-- WAS HE DREAMING?
I SCRAMBLED UP THE CLIFF AND INTO THE CAVE, WHERE I IMMEDIATELY NOTICED STRANGE SYMBOLS SCRATCHED AGES BEFORE UPON THE ROCK WALLS
NO SIGNS, EXCEPT THOSE SYMBOLS, OF IT EVER HAVING BEEN INHABITED. BUT I'LL BET MY NEW X-RAY UNIT THAT IF ANYTHING WAS BURIED ON THE HILL, IT WAS IN HERE.
AH, I'M RIGHT! THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING BURIED HERE THE OLD LEGENDS POINT THAT WAY AS DOES THE INDIANS' TABOO OF THIS HILL EVEN TO THIS DAY
THUNK!
WE ARE NOT AS YOU...LET US BE, AND IN RETURN WE SHALL NOT HARM YOU! FLEE FROM ASTI-HOTEP.
ASTI-HOTEP? WHY...THAT'S THE NAME OF AN ENCHANTED SORCERESS OUT OF TIME LONG PAST, ACCORDING TO THE LOCAL INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.
UPSET AS I WAS BY WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A WIERD HALLUCINATION OF GHOSTS WARNING ME AWAY FROM THE SKELETON, I UNEARTHED IT AND RETURNED HOME IN GREAT GLEE
MARTHA! THERE WAS SOMEONE BURIED THERE! MY THEORY WAS RIGHT.
I'M GLAD FOR YOU, WILLIAM BUT IT'S LATE HURRY, YOUR DINNER'S GETTING COLD.
THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE MORE THAN PLEASANT. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I WORKED AWAY AT MY RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SKELETON I HAD FOUND
IMPOSSIBLE! NO HUMAN BEING EVER HAD A NECK BONE LIKE THIS! BUT IF IT WASN'T HUMAN. WHAT WAS IT???
5

AT LAST I COMPLETED MY REARTICULATION OF MY FIND--- STILL PUZZLED AS TO ITS TRUE ORIGIN. THEN, ONE NIGHT, WHILE STUDYING A BOOK ON THE PRE-HISTORIC SKELETAL REMAINS OF MAN, THE NEXT EVENT THAT LED UP TO MY ARTICLE TOOK PLACE....

... I UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE THE MANAGER OF THE KIT KAT KLUB AND CARL JUDSON FELL ON THE DANCE FLOOR AND CUT HIS HAND. HE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, BUT I'M TO SEND THIS BILL TO YOU. RIGHT?

THAT HAREM SCAREM CARL JUDSON AGAIN! IF THAT YOUNG MAN HAD A LOT LESS SPENDING MONEY AND A LITTLE MORE SENSE, HE'D BE BETTER OFF.

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES CARL JUDSON, EAST SUDBURY'S PLAYBOY, ARRIVED ACCOMPANIED BY FRIENDS WHO WERE ALL STILL IN THE GAY MOOD OF THE KIT KAT KLUB. I QUICKLY CLEANED AND BANDAGED THE YOUNG MAN'S SUPERFICIAL HURTS...

HEY, GANG! COME UP HERE AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE DOC'S OFFICE! A REAL SPOOK!

PLEASE, MR. JUDSON! DON'T TOUCH THE SKELETON!

AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE I SHOOED THE INEBRIATED WEALTHY PLAYBOY AND HIS GIGGLING FRIENDS OUT OF MY OFFICE ...

THANKS, DOC, FOR FIXING MY HAND. GUESS THE MANAGER OF THE KIT KAT KLUB WAS AFRAID I MIGHT SUE OR SOMETHING. SAY, HOW'S FOR ONE MORE LOOK AT THAT DEAD INDIAN?

IF YOU WISH, BUT I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY--- AFTER ALL IT'S JUST A SKELETON.

... LATER I LEARNED FROM YOUNG JUDSON THAT HE HAD MORE THAN TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF MY GOOD NATURE ...

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC. JUST A SKELETON. BUT I WANT A HUNK OF IT SO I CAN SCARE ALL THE GIRLS WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE KIT KAT KLUB. OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A FLOCK OF LAUGHS.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CARL? YOU'RE TIGHT. YOU'LL GET YOURSELF IN TROUBLE.

AWH-- IT'S OKAY THE DOC'S A GOOD OLD BOY. BESIDES HE'LL NEVER KNOW AND IF HE DOES FIND OUT AND GETS MAD, I'LL JUST SLIP HIM A BUCK OR TWO.

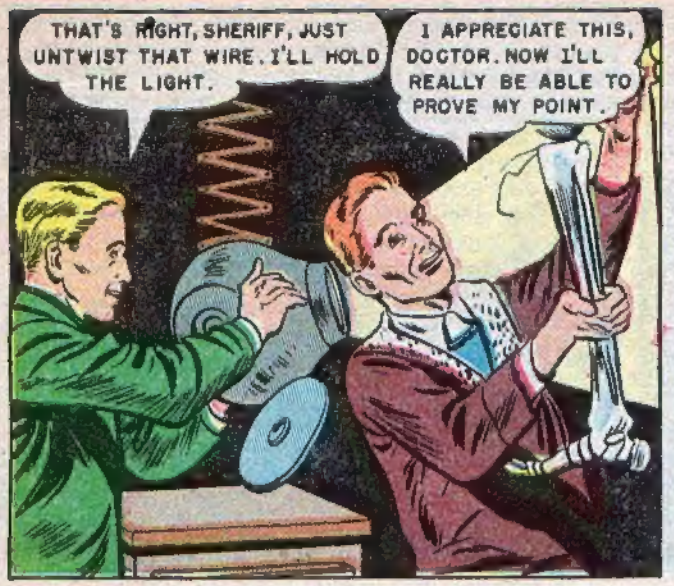
...WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS OF HIS HEEDLESS SILLY PRANK, CARL JUDSON WAS BACK IN MY OFFICE. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, IT WAS NOT TO HAVE A FEW MINOR SCRATCHES ATTENDED TO.

OWWW! MY HAND-- MY FINGER HURTS SOMETHING AWFUL!

I'M GLAD WE CAUGHT YOU IN, DOCTOR LUTHER. CARL IS IN TERRIBLE PAIN.

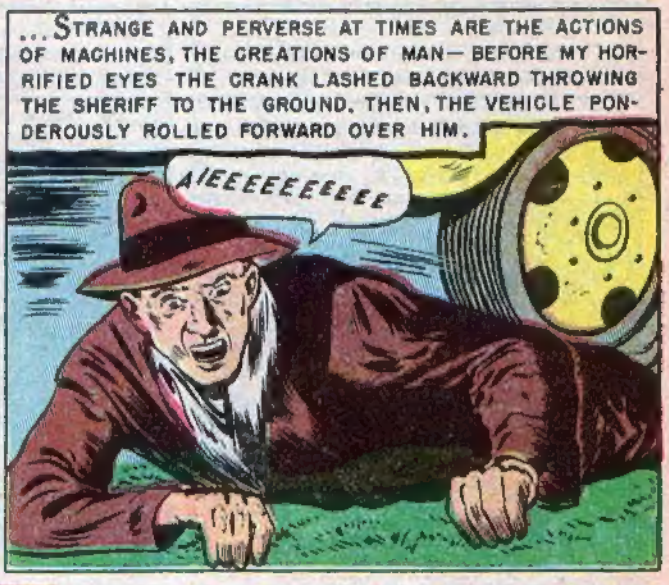
COME RIGHT INTO INTO MY OFFICE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN AN INFECTION QUITE LIKE THIS. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE THE FINGER IF WE ARE TO SAVE CARL'S HAND.
OH, NO! NOT THAT!
DOCTOR LUTHER, ARE YOU SURE? YOU MUST SAVE HIS HAND!
...AN HOUR LATER, MY GHASTLY TASK WAS COMPLETED. AS JUDSON AND HIS PARENTS WERE LEAVING, THE PLAYBOY SUDDENLY TURNED AND HANDED ME THE BONES HE HAD STOLEN...
HERE, DOCTOR. I TOOK THESE LAST NIGHT. JUST WANTED TO HAVE SOME FUN SCARING THE GIRLS AT THE CLUB. GUESS I MUST'VE BEEN DRUNK.
WHAT? YOU TOOK FINGER BONES FROM MY SKELETON?
STRANGE...BUT THIS FINGER THAT JUDSON TOOK FROM THE SKELETON IS THE EXACT SAME ONE THAT HE JUST LOST. HUMMM? STRANGE, BUT NOT ONE HALF AS STRANGE AS THE SUDDEN INFECTION IN THAT PAMPERED, OVER-INDULGED BOY'S FINGER.
WITHIN A FEW DAYS, HOWEVER, I HAD FORGOTTEN THE UNUSUAL COINCIDENCE. OF COURSE, I RETURNED THE FINGER BONES TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE ON MY ANCIENT SKELETON.
NOW...YOU'RE WHOLE AGAIN. I'LL BE GLAD TO FIND OUT EXACTLY *WHAT* YOU WERE. YOU BOTHER ME...THERE'S NOTHING IN ANY OF MY BOOKS THAT EVEN HINTS AT ANYTHING LIKE YOU.
JUST THEN MY FRONT DOOR BELL SOUNDED. SOMEHOW IT SEEMED AN OMMINOUS SOUND IN MY HUGE OLD BARN OF A HOUSE
HELLO, DOCTOR, HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING
COME IN SHERIFF. I HOPE THIS ISN'T A PROFESSIONAL CALL...FOR EITHER ONE OF US
NOT AT ALL
THE SHERIFF'S VISIT SET IN MOTION THE NEXT STEP TOWARD THE ARTICLE THAT YOU GENTLEMEN SO VIOLENTLY OBJECT TO...
HEARD YOU DUG UP AN INDIAN SKELETON, DOC. I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK. I'D LIKE TO BORROW IT'S LOWER RIGHT LEG BONES TO USE IN A DEMONSTATION BEFORE THE CORONER'S JURY TOMORROW MORNING.
CERTAINLY. I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT, BUT IT'S A BIT CRACKED.

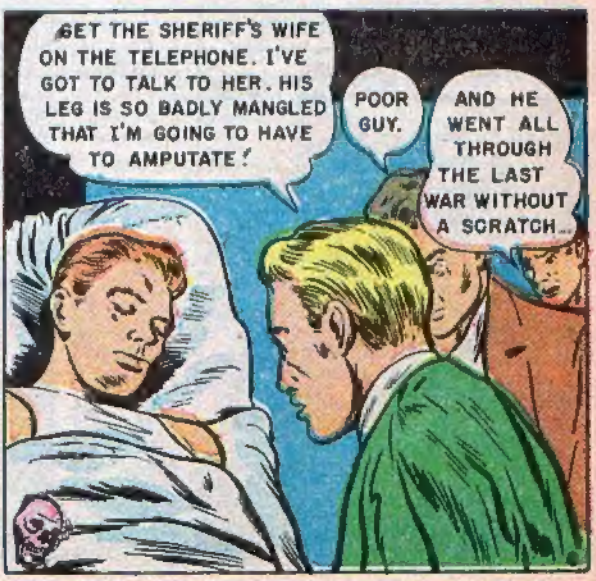

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF, JUST UNTWIST THAT WIRE. I'LL HOLD THE LIGHT.
I APPRECIATE THIS, DOCTOR. NOW I'LL REALLY BE ABLE TO PROVE MY POINT.

MY CAR'S IN THE GARAGE SO I'M DRIVING MY BROTHER'S TRUCK. BATTERY IS DEAD TOO— GOTTA CRANK IT!
I'LL GET MY FLASHLIGHT AND COME OUT WITH YOU.

YEP, IT WAS CERTAINLY TOO BAD ABOUT YOUNG JUDSON'S FINGER. WELL— HERE GOES.
LOOK OUT!


...STRANGE AND PERVERSE AT TIMES ARE THE ACTIONS OF MACHINES, THE CREATIONS OF MAN— BEFORE MY HORRIFIED EYES THE CRANK LASHED BACKWARD THROWING THE SHERIFF TO THE GROUND. THEN, THE VEHICLE PONDEROUSLY ROLLED FORWARD OVER HIM.
AIEEEEEEEEEE

THAT'S RIGHT, MEN. TAKE HIM UP TO MY OFFICE.
OHHOOOOO
WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE HURT BAD?


GET THE SHERIFF'S WIFE ON THE TELEPHONE. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HER. HIS LEG IS SO BADLY MANGLED THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO AMPUTATE!
POOR GUY.
AND HE WENT ALL THROUGH THE LAST WAR WITHOUT A SCRATCH...

...IT WAS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT BEFORE I COMPLETED MY GRIZZLY TASK AND THE SHERIFF WAS RESTING COMFORTABLY.

STRANGE...THE SHERIFF'S SMASHED LEG WAS HIS LOWER RIGHT LEG AND HE BORROWED THE LOWER RIGHT LEG. FIRST JUDSON...NOW THE SHERIFF. I WONDER? THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT EVEN TODAY'S ADVANCED SCIENCE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.

...EARLY THE NEXT MORNING I DROVE OVER TO NEARBY LOWLANDS UNIVERSITY WHICH HAS A WORLD FAMOUS OCCULT LIBRARY. I NEEDED KNOWLEDGE...KNOWLEDGE NOT CONTAINED IN MEDICAL BOOKS.

THAT'S RIGHT. I NEED BOOKS ON PSYCHIC RESIDUE OF THE DEAD. FOR INSTANCE...COULD AN INANIMATE OBJECT, SAY A BONE, POSSESS IN SOME SUPERNATURAL MANNER THE ABILITY TO TAKE VENGENCE?

LIBRARY INFORMATION

...LATE INTO THAT NIGHT I STUDIED THE RARE BOOKS I HAD BORROWED FROM THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF THE OCCULT.

UNBELIEVABLE! PARACELSUS WRITING IN 1513, STATES THAT THERE *WAS* A WORLD RULING RACE PRIOR TO MANKIND. AN EVIL RACE WHOSE RESIDUAL BONES HAD STRANGE POWERS OVER DISTURBERS.

THAT'S ABOUT ALL, GENTLEMEN. THE ACCIDENTS OF JUDSON AND THE SHERIFF TRANSCEND COINCIDENCE. THE SKELETON MUST HAVE CAUSED THEM. AND, AS FOR MY STATEMENT THAT THERE WAS AN OLDER RACE...

HERE IS MY PROOF!

I HAVE HERE THE NECK BONES OF MY FIND. *THEY ARE NOT HUMAN!* THEY ARE... *ARRRGGHHHH!*

...THEN, BEFORE THE HORRIFIED GAZE OF THE MEDICAL BOARD, POOR DOCTOR LUTHER SCREAMED ONCE, CLUTCHED HIS THROAT, AND FELL LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR.

HIS NECK... IT'S *BROKEN!* BUT HOW? *HOW?*

FIRST JUDSON, THEN THE SHERIFF, NOW...*LUTHER HIMSELF!*

COULD HE HAVE BEEN *RIGHT?*

SO...THE DOCTOR FINALLY VINDICATED HIMSELF AND PROVED THE THEORIES CONTAINED IN HIS CONTROVERSIAL ARTICAL CORRECT...PROVED THEM WITH HIS NECK, HIS LIFE. AS FOR THE SKELETON...THE NEXT DAY THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD ORDERED IT REBURIED IN A SEALED VAULT IN THE CAVE FROM WHENCE IT CAME.

The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"
— Charles Atlas

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title,
"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension."* It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, *"Dynamic Tension,"* transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel — arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that *"Dynamic Tension"* is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about *"Dynamic Tension"* and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. *"Dynamic Tension"* does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my *"Dynamic Tension"* method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 294c, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 294c, 115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

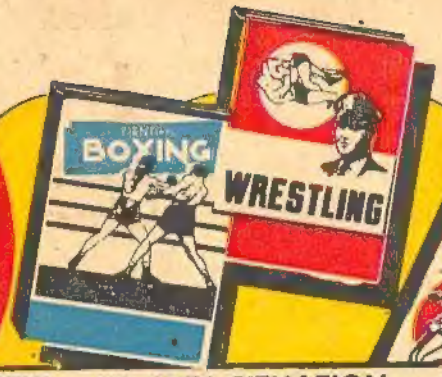
Name_____ Age____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address_____

City_____ Zone No. (if any)____ State____

Be the MASTER not the slave!

Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE



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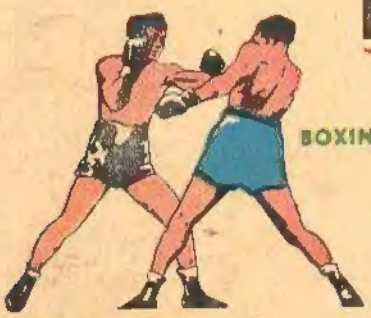

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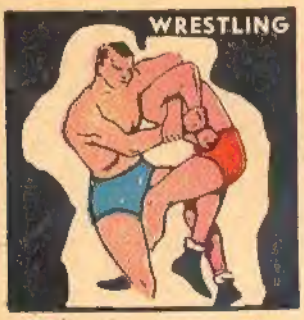

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